

for the Canadian woman

July 1957

20 cents

**KATE AITKEN SAYS
GOOD-BY TO RADIO**

**FEAR CAN MAKE
OR BREAK
YOUR MARRIAGE**

**HOW TO BE WELL DRESSED ON
LESS THAN A DOLLAR A DAY**

A day with
SIOBHAN McKENNA
at Stratford

BY JUNE CALLWOOD

Photographed for Chatelaine by KARSH





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Chatelaine

for the Canadian Woman

JULY 1957

Vol. 29

NO. 7

Meet Stratford's Siobhan . . . charm, talent and freckles



Olivier and Lilli Palmer backstage with Siobhan at The Chalk Garden.

Our love for Julie Haydon, whom we had never met, was a doomed ill-starred passion from the beginning. And when she married George Jean Nathan we began to have the feeling that something beautiful was starting to turn brown at the edges. But now that we have met Siobhan McKenna, who has charm, talent and freckles in equal generous portions, nothing will ever be quite the same between Julie and us. We met Siobhan at a party the Stratford people gave just before rehearsals for this year's festival began. She told us about the afternoon Yousuf Karsh took the fine picture which is on this issue's cover. Karsh had heard that Miss McKenna was loaded not only with charm, talent and freckles but with temperament as well. He was a little apprehensive because there wasn't too much time to take the picture. Miss McKenna was leaving for Ireland. When we asked her how she and the famous Canadian photographer got along she confessed that she too had been nervous. "I heard so much about him that I had the idea he only took pictures of Churchill," she said. So tentatively approaching each other, well supplied with misconceptions about each other, these two talented people proceeded to like each other greatly. You will want to read June Callwood's story written at Stratford about this fine actress on page 12 together with photographs taken at the scene by John Sebert.

Helen O'Reilly, who does our gardening column (see page 41) has for a long time been the busiest woman we know. She has run the Smith's literary luncheons, which were a kind of tradition even before J. B. Priestley lost his temper at one of them, as well as doing publicity for the Crest Theatre in Toronto. And as if that weren't enough she was publicity representative for the Opera Festival as well as reading manuscripts for several Canadian book publishers. And of course she always found time, in season, to work in her garden. Now that she has been appointed editor of Longmans Green and Co., the publishers, she will be giving up all her varied and interesting sidelines—all except her Chatelaine gardening column. ♦



Helen's garden and visitor.

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**Washed
with
another
leading
shampoo!**

**Washed
with
“curl-keeping”
NEW
WOODBURY!**

Unretouched photo of Charlene Veth, Jackson Heights, N.Y. (See her pretty face below.)



GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE
proved in its famous testing laboratory:
New Woodbury Shampoo holds curl
better, keeps set longer! Example
shown above: The left side of
Charlene's hair, washed with
her usual shampoo, got limp,
straggly. Right side, washed
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New Woodbury with its curl-keeping ingredient holds
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than other brands — a generous bottle is only 49¢.
If it isn't the finest you ever tried, we'll return
your money! Fair enough?

WOODBURY HOLDS CURL BETTER, KEEPS SET LONGER



LETTERS TO CHATELAINE

*They agree,
throw the
loafers out*



I have taught school for twenty-two years and am sad to say that I find conditions just about the way Jack Blacklock describes them (*Your Children Made Me Quit Teaching*, May). Congratulations for presenting this state of affairs to your readers. There is always a possibility that improvement will come when evils are exposed.

R. Warwick, Windsor,

A smash hit. It convinces me that you have courage, intelligence and a sense of public responsibility.

Bob Dalby, Richmond, B.C.

The article should have been titled "Lack of proper disciplinary measures made me quit teaching." It is not fair to blame the teenagers. Most are decent. Ten percent are the problem children. Since physical force is prohibited (and I think it should be), the only method is to isolate the cut-up from the rest of the class, or the school if necessary.

Pedagogue, Ontario.

I give Mr. Blacklock credit for writing such a true story, but let this not condemn the schools where true Christianity exists!

Mrs. L. C. Brasseur, Mont Apica, Que.

Blacklock's solution would be my own, but where, as a reader of such articles, do I go from here, in order to set about changing the present system?

Joann Bowman Shleppy,
Providence, R.I., U.S.A.

Congratulations to Calgary on its realistic approach. I write as a former teacher, a school manager and a governor of a training college.

The Lady Douglas of Barloch,
London, England.

I think it is time the teacher and the parent stopped throwing rocks

"Forty-Seven," Picton, Ont.

Who worships Elvis?

Canadian youngsters don't worship Elvis (Why do Canadian Youngsters Worship Elvis Presley?, June). Just because teenagers in Toronto momentarily went crazy doesn't mean all across Canada the same thing would occur. Remember this is, supposedly, a Christian country, and the word worship has a very special meaning.

Diane MacNaughton,
An average Canadian "youngster,"
North Vancouver.

Bain forgot the west

I, for one, do not agree with you about Mr. George Bain's reporting (How the Candidates Will Woo You . . . May). If Bain really wants to help the women of Canada instead of, as I suspect, help the old-time parties, why doesn't he study the Social Credit and CCF social-service legislation in the west and tell the rest of the Canadian women about it?

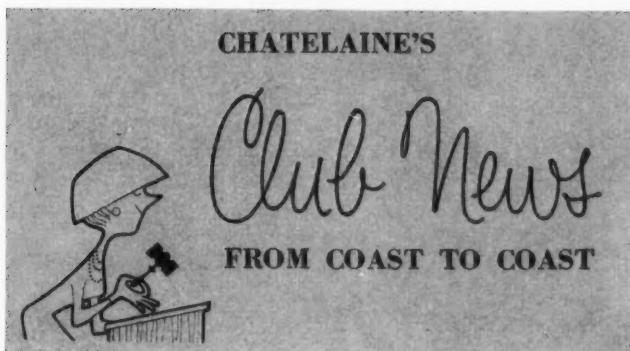
Mrs. E. W. Morton,
Deadwood, Alta.

Hope from Hungarians

I enjoyed Can the Hungarians Fit In? by Jeannine Locke (May). This Hungarian woman ironed clothes for the doctor's wife and, I gathered, did other helpful duties for her, just out of sheer enjoyment of helping. If this article states the whole truth, it does give me hope that all is not lost in this cold, calculating, "you pay me a dollar an hour and I'll do the job" kind of world.

Mrs. M. Filwood, Toronto.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE—By Paul Rockett (1, II), Wheeler Newspaper Syndicate (1), John Sebert (9, 12, 13, 17, 20, 30, 32, 33), Peter Croydon (14, 15), Lockwood Haight (24), Miller Services (43). **ARTWORK**—By Robert Turnbull (3), Harold Town (4), Dorothy Fraser (18, 19), William Winter (20), Mary Woods (18, 50, 51), Ken Dallison (52), Will Davies (54).



CONDUCTED BY PAT PARKINSON

Summertime is picnic time for the thirteen-member Berry Vale WOMEN'S INSTITUTE of STRATHMORE, Alta. They hold a giant country picnic, with wheelchair square dances, for one hundred and twenty-five crippled members of the Calgary Rehabilitation Society.

Who says teen-agers are difficult? In CARNDUFF, Sask., the teen-age JUNIOR CITIZENS CLUB held a lively party for their elder citizens in the town auditorium, provided an evening of entertainment and drove them to and from the party.



Thirty-six thousand meals a year. Every day at 3 p.m. unemployed and needy men of EDMONTON are given their big meal of the day at the Marian Centre. The CATHOLIC WOMEN'S LEAGUE work side by side with a permanent staff of five to provide food and clothing for hundreds of men every week.

CRAFTY CANADIANS

. . . Gifts of Canadian handicrafts have gone overseas courtesy of MONTREAL'S WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES who sponsored a Canada-wide knitting contest of afghan squares. At the end of the contest all entries were turned into topnotch afghans and shipped to Austrian refugee centres, marked "Gift of Canadian Women."

. . . In the TOWN OF MT. ROYAL, Que., the CANADIAN ASSOCIATION OF CONSUMERS came up with a novel idea. With the help of the Fabrics Foundation, Canadian fabrics were promoted in an interior decoration show where the women learned tips and techniques for using our modern fibres.



. . . Meanwhile quilting bees are still buzzing — especially in COLLINGWOOD, Ont., where the Simcoe County Arts and Crafts Association is preparing for its ninth annual QUILT AND RUG FAIR July 24 to 27. This group exists solely to encourage and preserve these old crafts and the fair is noncompetitive.

IF YOUR ORGANIZATION is planning a new project or has discovered a new way to make an old project more successful, Chatelaine will be happy to tell our readers about it. Write to Pat Parkinson, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.

What do giraffes have to do with High Blood Pressure?

IN ITS SEARCH for more knowledge about baffling diseases, medical science takes some strange turns. For example, doctors have gone to Africa to study the blood pressure of giraffes.

They found that it takes an unusually high pressure to pump blood from the giraffe's heart to his brain — a distance of some 14 to 15 feet. Yet, its heart and blood vessels are not under strain.

Doctors are trying to learn more about how this is accomplished for it could shed new light on the disorder affecting an estimated half million Canadians — high blood pressure or hypertension.

This condition causes certain of the smallest blood vessels to tighten up and make the heart work harder to maintain the flow of blood through the body. Fortunately, most cases of hypertension can be helped by proper treatment.

This condition can often be controlled simply by relieving day-to-day emotional stresses . . . worry, tension and "drive" . . . which push blood pressure up and tend to keep it excessively elevated.

If you have hypertension, your doctor may suggest a way of life especially adapted to your needs. Among other things, he will probably recommend —

1. Plenty of rest, including a short daily nap and 8 to 9 hours of sleep every night, since blood pressure usually falls during rest.

2. Avoidance of fatigue. If you stop short of tiredness, you can accomplish more in the long run and also overcome the tenseness and irritability that come with fatigue.

3. Weight control. This is an important factor in treating, and possibly preventing hypertension. In fact, hypertension is four times as common in overweight men as in those who are underweight.

If changes in living habits do not control this disorder, then other treatments . . . including medicines, special diets or surgery . . . may be used.

Hypertension is usually more easily controlled when discovered early. This



emphasizes the importance of periodic health examinations for everyone. Those who have reached middle age, are overweight, or whose parents or close relatives had elevated blood pressure should be especially watchful.

When hypertension is diagnosed, a patient should continue to see the doctor regularly. Then possible complications can be prevented, postponed or, if they occur, treated promptly.

Other helpful and encouraging facts about hypertension are given in Metropolitan's booklet, "Your Heart." Return the coupon for your free copy.

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CHATELAINE'S INVITATION TO BEAUTY

Beauty—
when you work
at home



BY VIVIAN WILCOX

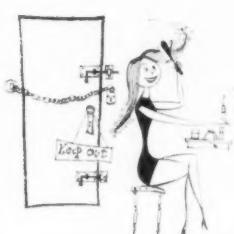
MRS. ROGERS, the young matron whose wardrobe plan appears on page 17, is among the busiest beauties we know. Yet she always looks as well turned out as a freshly bloomed rose. Her explanation: "Good grooming is not so much a question of time, as habit." A quick check through the following list will show whether you have made it a habit with you. Do you . . .



1. Wear make-up at breakfast, a fresh job for dinner?
2. Wear nail polish, retouch whenever necessary?
3. Brush your hair daily?
4. Shampoo before it looks as though you need it?
5. Keep legs, underarms free from hair?
6. Watch your diet, exercise if necessary?
7. Keep eyebrows trim?
8. Use fragrance regularly?
9. Have an occasional facial, pedicure, new hair style?
10. Take a cat nap each day?

Although men admire good grooming they are seldom interested in how it is acquired. We applauded the housewife who told us her husband had never seen her in pin curls—she shampooed her hair in the morning after he had gone to work. Whenever setting was necessary between shampoos, she did that in the mornings too. She and a neighbor gave each other permanents. New, improved methods make home permanents simpler and less time-consuming than they used to be.

For the housewife, hands are more of a problem than hair. Rubber gloves can be a big help in protecting them. Wear them for dishwashing as well as house cleaning. For fine cleaning jobs, when gloves are impractical, use a special hand lotion that resists water and grime. Smooth it on before you start the work, wash off when you've finished. Put a plastic tube of new, soothing hand cream above the kitchen sink to remind you to apply some each time your hands have been in water. And remember after you've applied your nail polish, to add a clear top coat underneath the nail tip as well as on top. It will form a protective cap against splitting and chipping. While polish dries, put your feet up and relax—or finish the novelette in your new magazine.



Reserve one undisturbed hour each week for special beauty jobs—in the afternoon while the children are having their nap, or in the evening after they've gone to bed. Closet yourself behind locked doors and do your defuzzing, give yourself a manicure and a pedicure, pluck your eyebrows—then go over the check list (keep it in your cosmetic drawer) to see how your beauty score is improving.

If you need exercise, set aside a definite time for it each day, possibly in the afternoon before you change your dress and make-up. It's easier to do with music, so put on a record or the radio. ♦



The scene: The YACHT CLUB

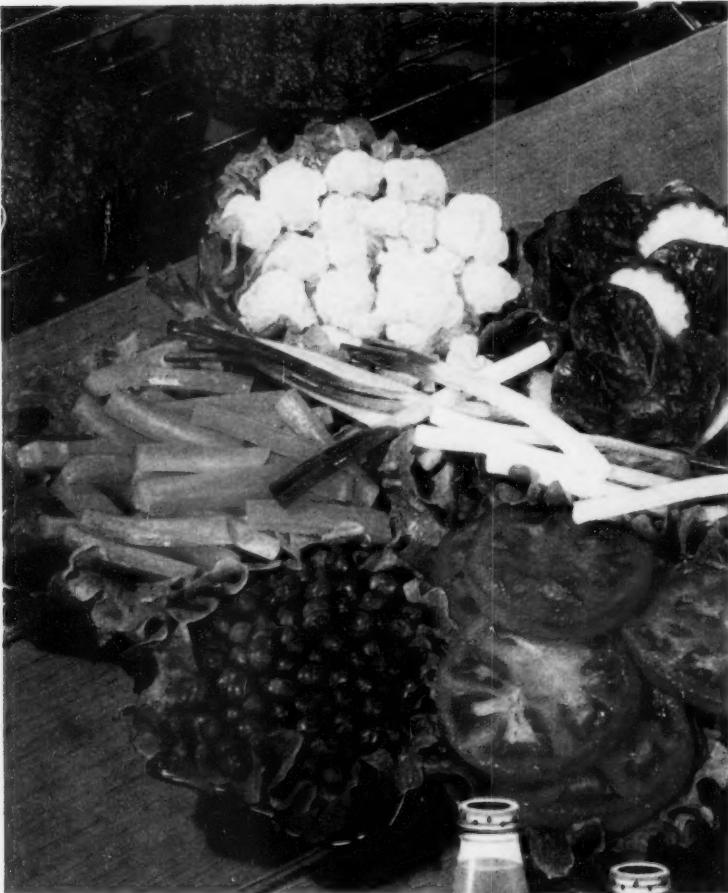
The cigarette: MATINÉE

Discerning people appreciate that Matinée has a certain elegance, and all the refinements they look for in a cigarette... quality, mildness, good taste... and a pure white filter that draws easily.

THE CIGARETTE WITH THE *Magic Top*®



A Salad-on-the-side
**DOES SO MUCH
FOR A BARBECUE**



A crispy salad served as a vegetable, adds exciting color and delicious flavor to outdoor meals. They're easy to prepare and so nourishing! Then just leave the dressings to Kraft! Set out all 4...and you've 4 different salads. Try it and see!

KRAFT FRENCH

Everybody loves this creamy-thick dressing! Not too sharp, not too bland.

MIRACLE FRENCH

A robust flavor with just the right touch of onion and garlic.

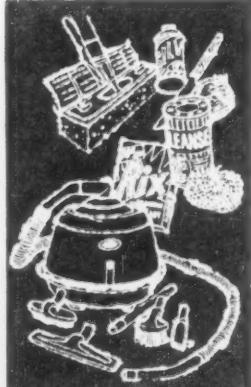
CASINO FRENCH

A little sweet, a little garlic-y, with 12 exciting seasonings.

KRAFT ITALIAN

New golden oil-and-vinegar dressing, touched with herbs and garlic.

THE NAME *KRAFT* MEANS WONDERFUL SALADS!



CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

**HELPS YOU
CLEAN HOUSE**

Banish household insect pests

Handle with care

All insecticides contain poisons. Store them where children and pets cannot reach them, and when using read labels carefully and follow directions exactly. Shield your face when applying spray or powder; if any is spilled on the skin wash off immediately with clear water. Take off clothing dampened by the concentrate and rinse in clear water. Do not apply oil sprays near an open flame. Ventilate rooms well, especially after using insecticides with a DDT base.

Before you go on vacation

Clean and spray your house lest house pests increase—or move in—while you are away. Use a good general-purpose DDT insecticide on rugs, in closets and along baseboards. Never leave dirty dishes or garbage to attract cockroaches or ants, or soiled clothing to tempt clothes moths and carpet beetles. To discourage kitchen pests store all food in tight containers and leave the entire kitchen free of any traces of food. If possible, refrigerate all staples.

Banish house flies

Keep garbage tightly covered and burn frequently if regular pick-up service is lacking. In the garden, cover compost piles, clean up after household pets and burn garden wastes. Have well-fitting screens on all doors and windows. Use sprays in and around the house and sticky bait preparations where flies gather, especially near garbage cans.

Stamp out carpet beetles

Carpet beetles, also known as buffalo moths, are small, plump, reddish-brown, fury-looking creatures. They feed on anything that is wool, fur or feathers. Spray wool rugs once a year (clean or have the rug cleaned before spraying). Use a special carpet spray with a DDT base, available from drugstores. (About one and a half quarts for both sides of a nine- by twelve-foot rug.) Give special care to parts under furniture and edges of wall-to-wall carpeting.

War on weevils

These brown, one-eighth-inch-long insects love cereals and grains. If any package is contaminated, throw out all opened cereal packages. They may not appear infected, but eggs may eventually hatch in what seemed to be uninfected grain, especially in warm weather. Empty the cupboard, wash completely, including drawers below the cupboard, with hot soapy water. Rinse and dry. Then spray with a DDT aerosol bomb and close doors tightly for five hours or overnight. Rinse cupboard with a solution of one

tablespoon baking soda to each quart of water. Dry thoroughly before restocking.

Store new cereals and grains in sealed jars. Keep special watch on corn meal. As an added precaution wash and spray all kitchen cupboards, as weevils multiply quickly and spread even into utensil cupboards.

Anti-ant campaign

The secret is to destroy the nests since killing a few workers merely weakens the colony but does not affect the queens or young. Nests may be located between floorings, in the walls, behind baseboards, in decayed or defective timber or in the soil beneath a cracked cement floor. Pouring boiling water into the cracks may kill the colony if it is not too deep-seated. When the colony is in the woodwork, enlarge the opening with a knife and spray in a special DDT insect spray. Close up with plasticine, putty or paraffin.

The most effective treatment is poison bait or powder in traps placed near the opening to the colony. Sodium-fluoride powder is also effective and cheap; sprinkle it around the opening and into the nest. Sodium fluoride is poisonous if taken internally and in sufficient amounts, so keep it away from children and pets.

Cockroach control

For immediate riddance hire a professional fumigator. Sodium fluoride is the best home remedy and is, in fact, the base of most roach powders sold under trade names. Sprinkle it where the roaches run most frequently. The most common type is one half to two inches long, light brown, with reddish-brown wings. Kill stray roaches with insect spray or a fly swatter. Fill cracks in which these pests hide with putty; this is particularly important if they are coming in from an adjoining apartment through wall spaces, along plumbing or beneath doors. Check all groceries for stray cockroaches.

Fleas from Fido

Fleas are usually brought indoors by household pets. Vacuum rooms and upholstery before spraying with insecticide containing DDT. Spray floors, baseboards and walls to a height of about one foot. Apply a very light mist to upholstery, rugs and especially the pet's nook. Since household sprays usually contain weak insecticides, this treatment may have to be repeated in seven to ten days.

Silver fish

These grey skittish insects are usually found in bathrooms or laundry tubs, because they breed inside the damp pipes. Pour concentrated disinfectant down the pipe, then use several sprays of an aerosol disinfectant. Leave a few hours. ♦

Tuna tops the list for easy menu variety!



Tuna, once an exotic fish at home only in places like California, Florida and the Mediterranean, now graces the tables of most Canadians who know and care about food. It is one of the most easily digested proteins and certainly one of the most versatile. Casseroles, rarebits, curries, salads, sandwiches—there's a whole host of delicious economical meals to be made with tuna. For the best, get Clover Leaf finest quality tuna. *British Columbia Packers Limited.*

RECIPES FROM NEPTUNE'S KITCHEN
For interesting recipes featuring versatile Tuna, write *Clover Leaf's Mary Ross, Director, "Neptune's Kitchen"—1178 W. Pender Street, Vancouver, B.C.*

RECIPES:

SCALLOPED TUNA

Add 1 tablespoon prepared mustard to 2 cups seasoned white sauce. Take 4 cups thinly sliced parboiled potatoes, 1 cup sliced onions, 2 seven-ounce cans Clover Leaf Solid White Tuna, broken up. Alternate in layers with sauce in buttered casserole. Top with grated cheese. Bake at 350° for 45 minutes. Serves 6.

Tuna's firm, delicate flesh makes it the ideal choice for casserole cooking. Mix it with what you will—potatoes, spaghetti, rice—tuna retains its texture. Add what you like—tomatoes, mushrooms, slivers of green or red pepper—the blend of flavors is wonderful.

TOSSSED TUNA SALAD

Salad greens, hard-boiled egg, tomatoes and a seven-ounce can of tuna tossed in French dressing make a salad men really go for.

TUNA CLUBHOUSE

Tasty clubhouse features tuna, lettuce and mayonnaise in first layer. Sliced hard-boiled egg and tomatoes in the second. Make it an extra thick layer of tuna—tuna is one of the healthiest proteins you can eat.





Sitting Pretty!

That's Chevrolet for you. Steals the scene wherever it shows its glamorous face. But then, Chevrolet has so many special talents. Feel how it rides. Nothing in the low-price field is so luxuriously smooth and level as a Chevy. See how it handles. No car in *any* field behaves so nimbly, quickly, obediently.

Chevy looks pretty. Handles pretty. Runs pretty. Pretty great car! See your Chevrolet dealer soon. Make a '57 Chevrolet yours . . . and you'll be sitting pretty!





ARE YOU AFRAID OF EACH OTHER?

Can you . . .

Tell him your bank account is overdrawn?

Tell her you didn't get the promotion?

Tell him the real price of your new dress?

Tell her you had a business lunch with a woman?

Tell him if the children misbehave?

Tell her how much you lost at poker?

If you can't . . .

Then read why, and what you can do about it.

Fear can make or break your marriage

BY DR. WILLIAM BLATZ

And it's not the great crises but the ugly, little fears that destroy marriage fastest

• When Benjamin Franklin was scratching out his celebrated little homily about the certainties of life he could have added fear to death and taxes, for everyone is afraid at one time or another. Sometimes the ogres that frighten us are as big as death and taxes themselves; more often they are private gremlins so small that other people have a hard time seeing them, much less taking them seriously.

My years of experience as a psychiatrist, both in private practice and for twenty-five years as advisor to the Family Court of Toronto, have shown me that the fears that imperil marriage in Canada, or anywhere else for that matter, are not so often the big ones as the little ones. I have seen a husband and wife who, possibly, weren't getting along too well come together and face bravely the fears explicit in a serious illness in the family. I have seen other marriages blasted apart or worse, withered, by a woman's constant nagging fear that everything she does is going to be criticized privately and publicly by her husband.

I have mentioned big and little fears. They really don't come in such handily identifiable sizes and shapes. All fears are big to us when we are afraid, even though others may think they are groundless or downright silly. Who can measure the intensity of the fear felt by a man or a woman who is too shy (shyness is a form of fear) to enter a room full of strangers? Or a child's fear of the dark? Or the fear of a husband who must go home and tell his wife he didn't get the promotion, or worse still, has lost his job? We must never mock or dismiss airily the fears of those who confide in us. A little later in this article I want to talk about some of the ways fear can be overcome in marriage, but first let us examine fear itself and its causes.

If you have been reading this series of articles on Marriage in Canada, in Chatelaine, you may have noticed that I shrink from the pat and easy definition. For instance, I have never been able to bring myself to attempt a definition of *Continued on page 45*

ACROSS THE YEARS AND SIX CONTINENTS



It all began in Béton, Ont. That's my brother Jack, left.



1927 career girl—I represent Canada at the Chicago Women's World Fair.



As a poultry breeder I was proud of my world-record egg layer; luckily no egg-laying followed on radio.



At the "Ex." in 1948; as women's director I met Lady Mountbatten and Mrs. Ray Lawson, wife of the lieutenant-governor.



MY FAREWELL TO RADIO— KATEAITKEN

*Some of Kate's best stories never got on the air.
Some of the funniest should never have happened.*

Here now are the warm and hilarious high spots of a unique Canadian career

WITH CANADA'S INCOMPARABLE MRS. A.



Korea, 1952, en route to Canadian front lines.



With Indian workers at RCAF base, Cold Lake, Alta.



1955 and I'm back to open my home town's fall fair, with Dan Watson, Beeton's oldest citizen.



1956 in Italy, all set to cover Winter Olympics.



In Vienna, December 1956. I met on the spot with these Hungarian refugees seeking a new life in Canada.

ON MAY 31 I signed off my last transCanada broadcast. On the same day I signed off the Montreal CJAD broadcast, and on June 28 comes my closing Tamblyn broadcast over Toronto's CFRB: "Good night, everyone. This is Kate Aitken saying, I'll be seeing you — and happy holidays."

Thus end twenty-three years of broadcasting, five years of TV.

How does it all feel? It's sad of course to say good-by to thousands of friends made over the years, and to the fine people on the show, Horace Lapp, our musician (we've never had a quarrel), and Cy Strange, our calm competent announcer.

But before we on the show signed off those last broadcasts we said: "Let's not get emotional. Let's remember all the fun we've had." And it has been fun. The excitement of meeting a deadline three times a day, five days in the week. Broadcasting from every part of the world from Prince Rupert to London, England; from Athens, Greece, to Yorkton, Sask. The unfamiliar studios, strange equipment, but always that inflexible fourteen minutes, forty seconds to fill. And the people!

I've had tea with Sir Winston Churchill, enjoyed a glass of sherry with Earl Attlee in his own home, interviewed world-famed figures like Billy Graham and Mussolini (that was in 1927), Ethel Barrymore and Eleanor Roosevelt and Margot Fonteyn. And I've lunched on bread, beer and cheese with Ernest Bevin in the British House of Commons restaurant.

On my broadcasts I've interviewed such widely assorted guests as Edgar Bergen and the Countess Tolstoy; Lester Pearson and a new Canadian citizen, Estonian-born Helly Kerst; the Dionne quintuplets . . . the U. S. Cranberry Queen . . . Lord Alexander.

Are such people difficult to interview? Not at all — each lives his or her life so fully that the problem is to get them off the air. For instance, when the late Robert Saunders, Ontario's hydro chief, talked of the St. Lawrence Seaway we had to clip him off almost in midsentence. Bob protested: "But look Kate — I've only just started." Radio stations have their own technique for such situations: the guest is given a dead mike while we sign the show off the air.

And then, there's the world itself I've seen. Holidays for broadcast people are really working days. I've spent two Christmas Eves in Bethlehem and three in Gander and Goose and Cold Lake, Alta., Canada's far-flung RCAF stations. I've seen Holy Week in Rome, Christmas Day dawn in Soest, Germany, in Yellowknife, in Aklavik, in Jerusalem.

Other scenes crowd to mind: Canadian Thanksgiving in tiny St. Peter's Church at Erindale, Ont. . . . live interviews done in Bon Secours Market in Montreal . . . the turkey supper in the Maritimes . . . the Winter Olympics at Cortina, Italy, where I interviewed the Kitchener-Waterloo hockey team . . . the Sunday spent in Cyprus where I talked to Archbishop Makarios before his exile . . . Cherry Blossom Week in Kelowna, B.C. . . . the blessing of the Polish fishermen in Sydney, Cape Breton Island . . . all of them add up to a lifetime of colorful impressions which, through our broadcasts, we on the show have been able to bring to our listeners.

Bethlehem on Christmas Eve? I needed a special permit to cross that troubled border. The first time I talked my way through with pictures of my grandchildren. The *Continued on page 38*



"Warm, implacably honest," Siobhan of Stratford poses before the new Festival Theatre.



On stage, as Viola in Twelfth Night

With Ray Difffen, head costumer . . . first rehearsal notes . . . with director Guthrie, left, and actor Max Helpmann.



Off stage, the star meets the town

First night, a reception for the cast . . . inspecting her new home . . . main street before the festival rush began.

The day Siobhan came to Stratford *by JUNE CALLWOOD*

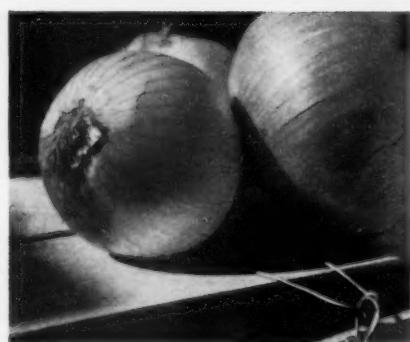
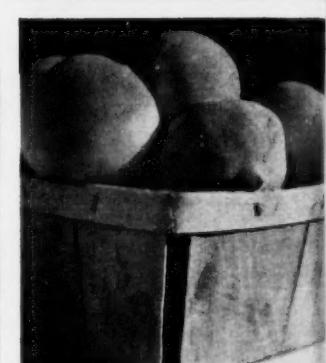
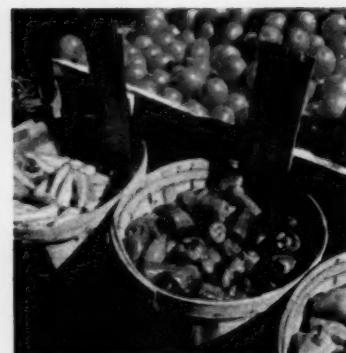
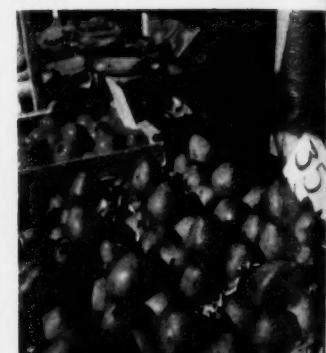
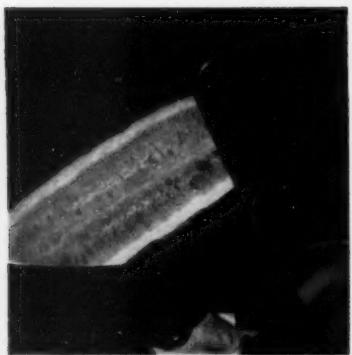
Our writer was there too when everything went wrong, but ended happily

● Stratford this month launches its fifth season of Shakespeare with a new star, a torrent of Irish actress named Siobhan (pronounced Sh-von) McKenna, who in the past three years has fired some theatre-goers in London and New York to regard her as one of world's greatest actresses. She has also caused others to turn away in embarrassment that so much passion should be so naked.

Canadian audiences will see her this summer as Viola in Twelfth Night, alternating in the spectacular new pleated-roof Festival Theatre with Montreal-born Christopher Plummer's Hamlet. As some of this country's best actors and actresses assembled one wet day late in May for opening rehearsals, the only unknown quality was the newcomer from Galway.

Some had heard that Siobhan's fierce sense of high purpose in the theatre leads to flaring displays of temper. Others feared that the vigorous stubbornness with which she defends her opinions would result in clanging clashes with director Tyrone Guthrie, an Irishman himself and famed for his withering wit in the face of a performer who tends to stand around on a pedestal or soapbox.

The atmosphere of morbid expectancy was heightened when Siobhan McKenna arrived eight minutes late for the first rehearsal of Twelfth Night. While the rest of the cast stared into infinity in an effort to appear present as slightly as possible, Guthrie rebuked Siobhan in a clipped, searing series of observations. She flared *Continued on page 30*



19
BY ELAINE COLLETT
Director Chatelaine Institute

treat of the season

SUMMER FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

Enjoy them while they're here, at their tender juicy peak. Here are new ways to serve them; best buys and cooking methods. Plus delicious recipes . . . tips on using leftovers . . . and our full-page Vegetable Guide

TRY FOR A CHANGE . . .

Tangy dessert trick: Squeeze a dash of lime or lemon juice over fully ripe peaches, apricots or bananas instead of dusting with sugar.

Serve a dollop of sweetened sour cream on fresh berries or peach slices.

Try fresh limes instead of lemon anytime—for instance, lime wedges with melon, sea food, asparagus, broccoli, fruit juices or iced tea.

Make French dressing with lime juice instead of vinegar.

Revamp vegetable leftovers: Brush pieces of cauliflower, broccoli, parsnip or whole carrots with melted fat or French dressing. Broil a few minutes, turning once.

Mix a cooked-raw salad. Add cooked asparagus, carrots, and lima beans to shredded cabbage, diced celery and mayonnaise flavored with onion juice. Delicious!

Or add cooked corn or peas to potato, macaroni or rice salad, with chopped celery and green pepper.

TIPS ON BUYING, PREPARING

Easy way to peel peaches: Pour on boiling water as you do for tomatoes, leave a few moments and drain. Or stick the peach on a fork and hold over the gas burner or element.

Keep peeled apples, pears, peaches from darkening: Peel them whole and drop in a bowl of salted water (one tablespoon salt to one quart water). Drain and rinse before slicing at dessert time.

Sliced peaches won't darken if you sprinkle each layer with ascorbic acid and fruit sugar. Use about a quarter teaspoon ascorbic acid (from the drugstore) to half cup sugar. Sprinkle over layers, stir with a fork and chill.

With new vegetables, skimp a little on water and cooking time to save flavor and color. Uncover the pan as soon as vegetables are tender—and the natural color will stay.

If the house reeks of cabbage or cauliflower, it means you've overcooked them.

To degrub Brussels sprouts, broccoli or cauliflower pour on boiling water, leave a moment and drain.

RECIPES for summer specials, page 27

More tips on buying, preparing 26

How to cook vegetables, 26

Tips on leftovers, 26

Plus — Vegetable Guide, next page

Photos by Peter Croydon





Chatelaine's SUMMER VEGETABLE GUIDE

Tips on quality • Best cooking methods • Seasoning and serving hints

VEGETABLE	LOOK FOR QUALITY	PREPARATION	AMOUNT FOR 4	COOKING METHODS*	COOKING TIME MINUTES	SUGGESTED SEASONINGS	SERVE WITH
Asparagus	Fresh and firm stalks; green and tender for almost entire length; compact tips.	Break off each stalk end where it snaps easily. Wash thoroughly. Remove any loose scales with a brush.	1 lb.	Simmer stalks in $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 cup boiling salted water until easily pierced. Set stalks upright in glass percolator.	12-15	Nutmeg, Thyme Lemon-butter sauce	Eggs Veal Chicken
Beans, String and Wax	Bright green or yellow pods with thick meaty walls. Should break with a crisp snap. Small beans inside.	Wash thoroughly and trim off ends. Cut away any rust. Cut overmature beans into 1-inch lengths.	$\frac{3}{4}$ lb.	Simmer in $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 cup boiling salted water until just tender. Do not overcook.	12-18	Ginger Sour cream Crumbled bacon Sweet basil	Beef Pork Lamb Fish
Beets, New	Firm and bright with no deep cracks or heavy roots. Fresh green tops.	Scrub root well; remove greens. Trim off excess root. Leave whole or peel and slice $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick.	1-1½ lbs.	Pressure-cook or simmer in 1 inch water. Add 1 teaspoon vinegar.	Whole 30-60; sliced 20-25	Celery seed Dill Ground cloves	Pork Harvard-style
Broccoli	Thick, compact head. Flowerets should be closed and a dark blue-green color.	Wash. Separate stalks and trim off a bit of the stem. Whole stalk is edible but peel lower half to remove fibrous layer. Slash large stems almost to head.	1-1½ lbs.	Simmer in $\frac{1}{2}$ -1 cup boiling salted water.	12-15	Dry mustard Lemon juice Mayonnaise Cheese sauce	Beef Strong cheese Turkey
Brussels Sprouts	Should have hard, bright green heads.	Remove outer leaves, trim stalk and wash.	1-1½ lbs.	Simmer in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling salted water.	10-15	Chervil, Buttered crumbs	Beef Pork
Cabbage	Bright green, crisp leaves. Heads heavy and well trimmed. Savoy cabbage: loosely headed with crinkly leaves.	Wash and trim. Remove outer leaves. Cut into sections or shred with grater or sharp knife.	1 head, 2 lbs.	Simmer in $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 cup water or skim milk. Pan or steam.	7-12 8-12	Nutmeg Oregano Caraway seeds Garlic dressing	Cheese Pork Organ meats
Carrots	Firm, smooth, regular roots. Top greens fresh if new.	Wash. Scrape or pare lightly. Cut in strips, dice or coins.	1 lb.	Simmer in $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ cup boiling salted water.	10-15	Mint Thyme	Fish Meats
Cauliflower	Flowerets should be compact, forming a solid, creamy white head. Fresh outer leaves.	Wash well. Cut away green stalks. Separate into flowerets or leave whole.	2-3 lbs.	Simmer flowerets in $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 cup boiling salted water or skim milk. For head, use $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 cups water or milk.	Flowerets 10-15 Whole 20-30	Anchovy butter Rosemary Herbed crumbs Cheese	Pork Beef Old cheese Veal
Celery	Choose crisp bunches topped with fresh leaves.	Wash thoroughly, using brush to remove sand. Cut stalks in $\frac{1}{2}$ - to 1-inch lengths.	1 bunch	Simmer in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling salted water. Also pan, braise or steam.	8-10 10	Cream sauce Cheese sauce	All meats Poultry
Corn on the Cob	Plump, crisp kernels. Leaves fresh and green with outer silk dry.	Husk; trim off ends and remove all silk. Wash.	2 per serving	Simmer in 1 inch salted water. Add one teaspoon sugar and several husks to saucepan if desired. Or bake, husks on.	12-15 20-25	Butter, salt Celery salt Paprika	Ham, Pork Beef Liver
Cucumber	Firm. Medium or dark green.	Wash; remove skin if desired and slice.	1 medium	Serve raw. Fry or broil.	3-5	Sour cream	Salads
Egg Plant	Firm, uniform shape, not too large. Glossy purple.	Wash. Cut in $\frac{1}{2}$ inch slices. Peel.	1	Fry or broil with butter. Stuff and bake at 375 deg.	3-5 30-45	Sage, Chili Buttered crumbs	Beef Lamb
Endive	Should be fresh, young tender leaves; bright green.	Wash thoroughly in several doses of cold running water.	1	Use uncooked with other salad greens or as a garnish for cold cuts.		Salad dressings Vinegar	Sea food All meat
Greens, Spinach, Kale, Chard, Beet, Dandelion	All greens should be fresh, crisp, good color and reasonably clean. Split stalks indicate overmaturity.	Wash in lukewarm water first to remove most of the grit. Rinse several times in clear cold water by lifting out of water.	2 lbs.	Waterless with only water clinging to leaves. Pan or braise.	2-6 2-6	French dressing Chopped eggs Nutmeg Lime butter Cheese	Fish Eggs Veal Sea food Lamb
Leeks	Firm, smooth, regularly shaped bulbs.	Trim roots and part of tops, leaving 2 inches of green. Wash.	1 per serving	Simmer in $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 cup boiling salted water. Pan or braise.	10-15 10	Butter Paprika	Liver Beef
Mushrooms	Creamy white, firm and uniform size.	Wash in lukewarm water and drain; do not peel, unless wild. Trim stem. Leave whole, slice, or chop stems and leave caps whole.	1 lb.	Saute or fry in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter. Broil caps with butter.	8 5-8	Onion juice Paprika Herbed crumbs	Beef Poultry Sea food
Onions	Firm, smooth, regularly shaped bulbs.	Cut off stem and root end. Peel under cold running water. Use mild onions for salads.	1 lb.	Simmer whole in 1 cup salted water. Simmer sliced in $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ cup water. Pan or fry in butter.	20-25 10 8-10	Dill Cream sauce Sweet basil	Beef Lamb Pork
Parsnips	Fresh, bright, clean, firm roots. Should not be shriveled or woody.	Remove tops, pare and slice in $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch pieces, or cut in half lengthwise.	1 lb.	Simmer in $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 cup salted water. Bake in casserole at 350 to 400 deg.	15-20 40-50	Salt, pepper Honey glaze Orange glaze	Beef Pork Veal
Peas	Crisp, green, meaty, tender pods. Deep ridges mean overmature peas. Sweet taste.	Shell just before cooking.	2 lbs. unshelled	Simmer in $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ cup salted water.	8-10	Mint, Nutmeg Onion butter Bacon pieces	Eggs Cheese Meats
Potatoes, New	Firm with thin skin.	Wash, scrub with a brush. Leave whole if small, or cut in half. Do not remove skin.	1½ lbs.	Simmer in 1 to 1½ cups salted water. Leave skin on, or cool slightly to peel. Or bake at 400 deg.	15 30-45	Dill and sour cream Parsley butter	Fish Meats Poultry
Potatoes, Sweet Yams	Firm with thin skin.	Scrub well and remove woody portion. Do not remove skin. For baking, prick with a fork.	1½ lbs.	Bake at 350 to 400 deg. Boil in 1 cup salted water. Remove skin after cooking.	45-60 35-50	Sweet basil Brown-sugar glaze	Pork Ham Poultry
Squash, Summer Zucchini Veg. Marrow	Firm, smooth skins and uniform shape.	Wash. Do not pare. Remove stem and blossom ends. Cut into cubes or $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch slices. Dry.	1 medium	Steam, or simmer in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water. Fry slices in 2 tbsp. butter. Pan with 2 tbsp. butter or fat.	10-15 15-20 10	Oregano Nutmeg Grated cheese Cloves	Beef Pork Poultry
Squash, Winter Hubbard Acorn	Should be firm, well shaped, not excessively large.	Split into halves or quarters. Remove seeds. For baking, place pieces cut side down in greased baking dish with water.	1 medium	Squash that is not very dry is better steamed, or simmered in $\frac{1}{2}$ inch water. Bake whole acorn squash like potatoes.	20-30 1-1½ hrs.	Parsley Paprika Salt, pepper Butter	Meals Poultry Organ meats
Tomatoes	Firm, smooth, meaty with good shape and color.	Wash well. Dip in boiling water for $\frac{1}{2}$ minute. Remove skin if desired.	1 each	Cut in quarters and serve raw. Fry or broil with butter. Bake whole at 350 deg.	3-5 15-20	Sweet basil Oregano Salt, pepper Buttered crumbs	In salads Meats Eggs Cheese
Turnips Rutabagas	Firm, uniform and fairly smooth.	Wash and peel. Cut into cubes.	1½ lbs.	Simmer in $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 cup boiling salted water	15-20	Salt, pepper Brown sugar	Beef Turkey

* Cooking time and liquid will vary with the age of vegetable, size of pieces, size and type of saucepan.

SHE DRESSES ON \$1 A DAY

Betty Rogers, young suburban housewife, matches her clothes to her life: keeps well dressed on \$30 a month. Here's how Betty's plan can work for you

BY VIVIAN WILCOX
Chatelaine Fashion and Beauty Editor

THIS IS the story of Chatelaine's wardrobe plan and how it works for Betty Rogers—a young suburban housewife with three small boys and a limited income. But the method she applies to her clothes planning can be applied to anyone's wardrobe, any size budget.

Briefly, this is it. She lists all her activities and groups those which call for the same type of clothes. Then she plans her wardrobe around them, co-ordinating everything to one color scheme.

Since long-range planning is most effective both fashion-wise and budgetwise, she chooses, whenever feasible, clothes that can be worn the year round—her camel's-hair coat for example, and her gold jersey dress. The wardrobe outlined on page 18 includes all but her summer or warm-weather things.

It takes into account every foreseeable activity and clothing need. Chatelaine feels it is particularly important to plan for the dressy occasions, the sort of occasion that leads to last-minute shopping and to purchases which might spend most of their life in the closet.

Similarly, we believe a plan should include every wearable item of clothing in the closet. Before putting pencil to paper Mrs. Rogers goes over everything, examines it and tries it on; looks after any necessary alterations and dry cleaning, disposes of anything that cannot be fitted for service.

She considers each outfit in terms of what is to be worn with it: the head-to-toe effect. Since she cannot afford more than one good coat and two sets of accessories, everything she buys is in colors that will harmonize with them. Her scheme is based on brown (her coat is camel's-hair) but that does not mean that her wardrobe is a monotone. It includes gold, beige, rust, green. She chose these colors because they look best on her (she has black hair and brown eyes).

The first group of activities on her list is, "housework, gardening, morning shopping—and driving Bruce to and from kindergarten." Opposite this group she has listed: brown slacks, tartan slacks and khaki shorts (which she prefers for mild weather). Then yellow pull-over, brown cardigan, beige shirt and white shirt, all of which she wears with either pair of slacks or the shorts. Since she wants to keep her camel's-hair coat for good, she has decided to follow Chatelaine's suggestion and get a station-wagon coat to wear over the slacks. She wants new gloves too (again to save her good ones). She has added the coat and gloves to her plan and circled them to indicate that they should go on her shopping list.

Continued on page 35



Daily drive to kindergarten (for Bruce, five) calls for brown tartan slacks and Betty's new station-wagon coat. Bill, four, and Donald, three, come along for the ride.

Next page—the rest of Betty's wardrobe. ►



CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Betty listed her activities and the clothes

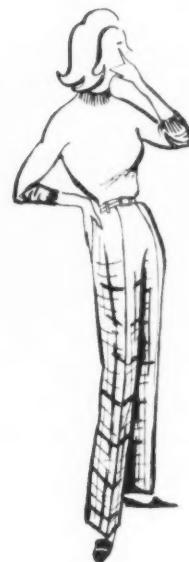
HOUSEWORK, GARDENING, MORNING SHOPPING



Brown wool slacks, beige shirt, and loafers (worn with all morning clothes).



Khaki cotton drill shorts worn with a white shirt and the brown cardigan.



Tartan slacks and yellow pull-over. (The "separates" are all interchangeable.)



Station-wagon coat (to go over slacks) plus jersey hood — and string gloves.

CHURCH, BRIDGE, DOWNTOWN SHOPPING



Camel's-hair coat (over the beige suit or dresses), adding brown accessories.



Lightweight beige tweed suit — same accessories as shown with the coat.



Green wool dress with a knitted yoke. Worn with the brown or black pumps.



Beige and brown printed shirtdress — classic and smart all the year round.

she had, then budgeted for these ▶ +

sketches by Dorothy Frazer

LATE-DAY
DINING,
RELAXING,
INFORMAL
ENTERTAINING
AT HOME



Brown tweed skirt, beige suit blouse with coral scarf and brown calf pumps.

Gold wool jersey two-piece dress (blouson can also be worn with the tweed skirt).

Middy dress—brown with beige, rust, mustard and green horizontal stripes.

Black TV pants with white blouse, red cummerbund, black velveteen slippers.

CHRISTMAS
PARTIES,
J's WEDDING,
OFFICE DANCE



Black crepe dress, black hat, white gloves, black purse and shoes — pearls.

Black dress worn with blue overskirt made from an old bolero-topped formal.

Green wool dress (minus yoke) with sapphire-blue overskirt, sapphire pumps.

*Turn to page 35
for Mrs. Rogers'
budget, July
to December ▶*



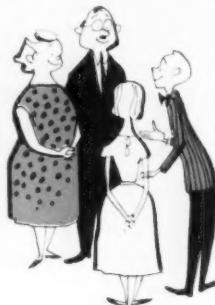
THE GIRL comes to dinner

A boy writes, "Mum and Dad are interested in my dates and listen whenever I talk about them, but they don't usually ask questions. They know I've been dating Sally. The thing is now I would like to ask her to dinner. Does my mother have to ask her? Will it look funny to Mum and Dad inviting her . . . we're not engaged or anything!"

I don't suppose it will look funny for a minute to your mother and father that you want them to meet your girl. Arrange with them the best night, then ask Sally yourself. If she were from out of town and were coming for a weekend, your mother would have to extend the invitation, but not for dinner.

Try to make the evening casual: it might make Sally feel more at home if she could help your mother do something, depending on the customs of your meals. Don't sit stiffly trying to make conversation before dinner. Show her your records, book collection or baby pictures or something!

I am sure you won't have a speck of trouble. Your parents sound like models of understanding!



teen tempo

BY SUSAN COOPER

Feeling sad, mad? Let Sinatra sing the blues, but not you

Blue you . . . what to do?

Everyone sometimes gets the blues in the night, that all-alone, nobody-loves-me feeling. Maybe you haven't had a date in weeks. Maybe you had a small battle with your mother. Maybe it's raining outside.

So what to do?

Do you wallow in your misery? Clam up? Struggle to your room and close the door? Turn on Tannhäuser and read Russian short stories to prove to yourself how dismal this world really is? Do you become a figure out of a Victorian novel . . . faintly disgusted at food and slightly distant with the callow realities of life? Life is a drama. YOU are the central figure. And you're a pain in the neck to everyone else!

For each of us, the world exists because we are in it. When we are children, the world in truth does seem to revolve around us. When we grow, little by little, we realize that we're just one infinitesimal being among millions and in an organized society we get along much better by not saddling other innocents with our woes.

The control of emotions is one measure of maturity. How horrified you'd be if your mother succumbed to her moods and shut herself up in her room for hours to let things run themselves; how astounded you'd be if your father smashed things every time he got slightly annoyed. But all adults — despite their years — cannot be termed

adult. By permitting yourself to wallow in a blue mood you are simply demonstrating your immaturity.

But, not a shred of doubt about it, the moods will come! Everybody feels them. What can you do?

First, get busy. If you know you're getting snarly, warn people and then don't permit yourself to be. Try a game of tennis or run around a couple of blocks, though it's the last thing you feel like doing. Phone a pal, cheerfully! Arrange to do something . . . keep that phantom at bay . . . unmentioned! Nobody likes the "poor me" routine.

Or wash your hair, give yourself a facial, paint your toenails. And while you're doing it, plan something. Make a list of books to read. Make a list of records you'd like to have. Plan a party. Reorganize and plan your fall wardrobe. Mentally redecorate your room. And whatever you plan, do it wholeheartedly; halfway just doesn't work!

Next time, try it. You'll be an easier person to live with!



Sheer fun . . . go Dogpatch style

First it was the Fair Lady look; now it's L'il Abner. Don't throw out those old jeans! Make patch pants out of them. Pyjama-style blouses are IN this summer, among many other modes. Cut circles of wild pyjama stripes (if there aren't any wornout pyjamas at your house to cut up, you can always try haunting the remnant sales!) and sew them in patches strategically all over your jeans.

Eye catchers—beau catchers

- Bare-back frills: sissy blouses go with the pretty flowered shorts and pants this year, and so do these halters: Make or buy a plain halter. Then sew as many deep ruffles across it as you can fit in.

- Combine blazing hot pink and burning orange for shock effect. Roll two wide, wide ribbons or scarves together, knot at waist.

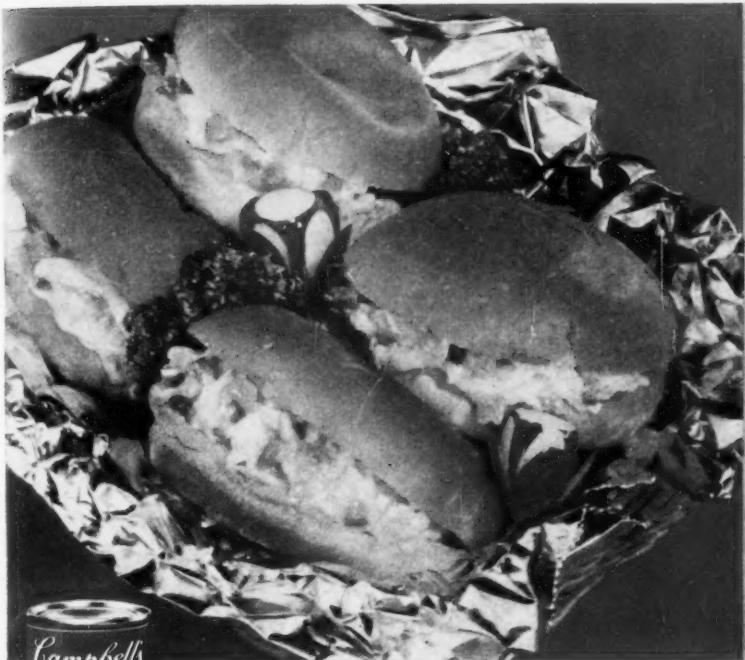
- For lasses with tender skin who can't take too much sun, here's an idea from South America. There, *ruanas*, which are woolen squares with a hole in the middle, settle just over the shoulders to ward off draughts. You can make them for after-swim sitting on the beach—any material, any color will be effective.

- Pin-up. For the girl who must after a swim or look like Medusa: toques with long, long tails are popular in winter in Quebec especially. Why not knit one in colorful cotton to pull over the pins? Added advantage: prevents sunstroke too.

Watch for TEEN TEMPO next month, with news and views on teen fashions, dates and etiquette. Susan Cooper will be pleased to answer your questions or problems by mail. The best letters will appear in this column (no names will be published). Write to:

Susan Cooper, Chatelaine,
481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.

4 Souper ways to serve tuna!



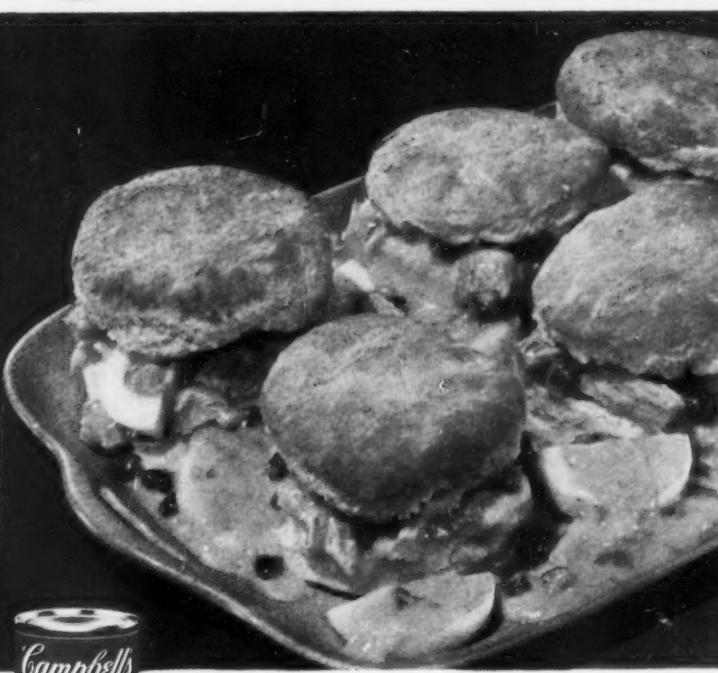
TUNA BURGERS. Here's a new kind of burger! Mix 1 7-oz. can drained, flaked tuna, 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup, 1 tbsp. each minced green pepper and onion. Fill 6 hamburger buns with mixture; brush buns with butter. Bake on cookie sheet in hot oven (400° F.) about 10 minutes. 6 servings.



PERFECT TUNA CASSEROLE. A never-fail meal, all in one dish! In a 1-qt. casserole, combine 1 can Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup, 1/2 cup milk, 7-oz. can drained, flaked tuna, 1 cup drained, cooked peas, 1 cup crushed potato chips. Garnish with potato chips. Bake at 375° F. about 25 minutes. 4 servings.



TUNA LOAF. Any way you slice it, this is soup-erb! Combine 2 7-oz. cans drained, flaked tuna, 1 1/2 cups fine bread crumbs, 1 can Campbell's Cream of Celery Soup, 2 lightly beaten eggs, 2 tbsp. minced onion. Pack lightly in greased loaf pan; bake at 350° F. about 1 hr. Serve with Quick Cream Sauce (blend 1 can Cream of Celery Soup, 1/2 cup milk; heat). 6 servings.



TUNA SHORTCAKE. Creamy and tasty—and ready in minutes! In a saucepan, blend together 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup, 1/2 cup milk, one 7-ounce can drained, flaked tuna, 1 cup drained, cooked peas, 2 sliced, hard-cooked eggs and 2 tablespoons chopped pimiento; heat. Serve over hot, split and buttered biscuits—or pour on slices of toast. 4 servings.

Good cooks cook souper with *Campbell's Soups*





Chatelaine's

CHATTY CHIPMUNK

... games for travel fun or rainy days

If you find the letters that I have left out of this little poem, you will know what this month's page is all about —

Answer:
S
A
Y
I
D
A
Y
I
O
H

Is tis the year you go to camp
Or will yu stay at home?
Have you a cottage by a ake
Or a woods n which you roam?
I'm sure no matter what you o
You'll hve a happy time,
Ou'll find a lot of fun I'm sure
In the anwer to this rhyme.

This month I'm going to give you some games that you can play in the car or on the train so that it won't seem too long getting to your holiday spot. They are good to play at home too on rainy days.

First is what I like to call a traveling alphabet. As you go along, try to spot objects that start with the letters of the alphabet in order (apple, bay, car). Get as many as you can, but once you go on to the next letter there is no going back!

The next one needs a little bit of preparation before you leave home. For each person playing you will need six buttons — two each of three different colors. To play, the first person chooses as many of his buttons as he wishes without letting the others see — then he announces how many he has and the others try to guess the colors.

For the third game you will need a map which you can get free at any gasoline station. The first player closes his eyes and with his finger or the point of a pencil points to a place on the map — he opens his eyes and tells the other players what it is and starts counting. The other players have to say the name of another place starting with the same letter before he reaches ten.

Bye for now — and remember if you go swimming this month, never swim alone,

Here are some more of those word changes. Remember, just change one letter at a time, making a new word each time until you reach the last word.

FARM	CAMP	LAKE	ROAD
FORM	*****	*****	*****
WORM	*****	*****	*****
WORN	HOME	*****	*****
TORN	*****	*****	BOAT
TOWN	*****	CITY	

Find the Canadian cities hidden in these pictures. Each picture is actually a clue to the city. And the letters are all there, if you look carefully.



ANSWER: Toronto Halifax Victoria

Chatty



Doesn't this make good sense?

One summer drink, fresh lemonade: (1) cools and refreshes more deeply than any other; (2) is wonderfully delicious (children love it); (3) is a pure, natural fruit drink; (4) is an excellent source of vitamin C (the vitamin your family needs every day, especially in hot weather). Doesn't it make good sense that *fresh lemonade* should be your family's summer drink? Medical authorities think so. How about you?



So refreshing! So easy to make!

For each serving allow juice from 1 Sunkist Fresh Lemon, 1 to 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup cold water. Serve over ice in large glasses. Garnish with fresh lemon slices.

• Five fresh Sunkist Lemons will make a full quart of tangy lemonade. So good for you . . . so economical . . . about half the price of bottled drinks.

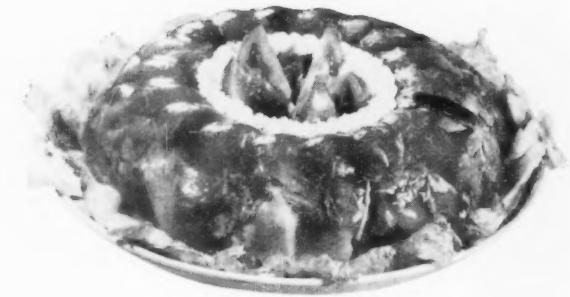
Only lemonade made from fresh lemons gives you all the fresh flavour and aroma.



CHATELAINE MEALS OF THE MONTH

July

For inexpensive summer suppers try our cool and spicy meat ring



	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER	SAT	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER
MON	Honeydew Melon Toast Coffee	Toasted Bacon and Tomato Sandwiches Carrot Sticks Iced Cupcakes Milk	Chilled Vegetable Juice Pork Chops Baked Potato Green-Pepper Cucumber Salad Bananas Baked in Ginger Syrup	20	Orange Halves Shredded Wheat Corn-meal Muffins Honey Butter Coffee	Jellied Tongue Apple Nut Salad Fruit Cup Milk Shakes	French Fries Chef's Salad Cantaloupe garnished with Lemon Sherbet Poundcake
TUE	Shredded Wheat Biscuits Toast Coffee	Jellied Consomme Waldorf Salad Date Muffins Fresh Pineapple Yesterday's Cupcakes	Meat Loaf Tomato Sauce Buttered Noodles Relishes Blueberry Pie	21	Grape Juice Grilled Wieners wrapped in Bacon Scrambled Eggs Doughnuts	Assorted Sandwiches Relishes Friday's Tarts Lemon Sherbet Milk	Hot Tomato Juice Molded Veal and Chicken Macaroni Salad Sliced Cucumber Pineapple Chiffon Pie
WED	Sliced Bananas Honey Poached Eggs on Toast Hollandaise Sauce Coffee	Creamed Tuna on Toast Cabbage Salad Sliced Strawberries Sugar Cookies Milk	Tomato Juice Stuffed Wieners Hot Potato Salad Green Beans Stewed Figs over Ice Cream	22	Half Grapefruit Cereal Flakes Cinnamon Toast Jam Coffee	Leftover Veal and Chicken Molded Salad Corn-meal Muffins Celery Creamed Mushrooms Bananas in Orange Juice	Lamb Stew with Vegetables Minted Dumplings Baked Squash Baked Alaska Iced Tea
THU	Orange Juice Corn Flakes Blueberry Muffins Marmalade Coffee	Cold Sliced Meat Loaf Tossed Vegetable Greens Jelly Roll Milk	Macaroni and Cheese Tomato Aspic Asparagus Strawberry Shortcake Coffee	23	Tomato Juice Omelet Toast Conserve Milk	Fruit Salad Cottage Cheese Graham Wafers Vanilla Pudding Chocolate Sauce Milk	Grilled Bacon Baked Beans Cabbage Salad Raspberry Shortcake Coffee
FRI	Stewed Figs Scrambled Eggs Toasted Muffins Lemon Butter Coffee	Celery Soup Cottage Cheese and Pineapple Salad on Spinach and Lettuce Nest Bread Pudding	Salmon Pie Pastry Topping Glazed Carrots Cole Slaw Clifford Pudding Leftover Jelly Roll	24	Fresh Peach Slices over Shredded Wheat Bites Toast Jelly Coffee	Hamburgers Onion Rings Relishes Sliced Oranges Danish Pastry	Boiled Spiced Tongue Spanish Rice Green Beans Molded Fruit Cookies
SAT	Apricot Nectar and Lime Juice Rice Cereal Broiled Liver Toast	Tomato Soup Egg Salad Sandwiches Carrot Sticks Watermelon Milk	Chicken Paprika Mushrooms New Potatoes Asparagus Sliced Peaches	25	Orange Juice Prepared Cereal Crumpets Honey Coffee	Sliced Tongue Shredded Cabbage Salad Creamy Dressing Pickled Beets Chilled Coffee Custard	Lime Garnished Pork Chops braised in Apple Juice Escalloped Potatoes Corn on the Cob Pears and Grapes
SUN	Halved Orange Jelly Omelet Scones Honeycomb Coffee	Corn on the Cob Lettuce Wedges Blue Cheese Dressing Bread and Butter Sandwiches Fresh Cherries Macaroons	Baked Virginia Style Ham Red Currant Preserves Duchess Potatoes Vegetable Marrow Stewed Rhubarb	26	Grapefruit Sections Scrambled Eggs Tomato Wedges Toast Beverages	Frozen Clam Chowder Cucumber Slices Peach and Banana Slices in Jelly Sherbet	Fish Sticks Lime Wedges Endive Salad Potato Puffs Sour Cream Apple Pie Coffee
MON	Grapefruit Juice Prepared Cereal Whole-wheat Toast Conserve Coffee	Creamed Chicken, Almonds and Green Peas on Waffles Celery Jelly Milk	Cold Ham Lima Bean Salad Hot Biscuits Apple Crisp Cream Coffee	27	Stewed Apricots Cereal Cinnamon Buns Toasted Jelly Coffee	Stuffed Tomato Salad Cheese Spread on Rye Fresh Fruit Coconut Cookies Milk	Roast Turkey New Potatoes Olives Orange Spanish Cream Angel Cake
TUE	Shredded Wheat Bites with Rhubarb Sauce Toasted Scones Apple Jelly	Chopped Ham Sandwiches Sliced Tomatoes in Sweetened Vinegar Caramel Pudding Leftover Cake	Hot Vegetable Plate (beet greens, creamed potatoes, carrots, poached egg) Fresh Raspberries Cream Coffee	28	Orange Slices Pancakes Molasses Grilled Sausage Coffee	Cream of Asparagus Soup Tuna Salad on Buns Tarts Lemonade	Cold Turkey Red Currant Jelly Potato Salad Celery and Radishes Peach Sundae
WED	Blended Fruit Juices Fried Egg Toast Coffee	Chilled Potato Soup Broiled Cheese Slices on Hamburger Buns Sherbet Milk	Broiled Minute Steak Noodles Escaloped Tomatoes Relishes Refrigerator Cake Tea	29	Limeade Bacon Curls Toasted Peanut Butter Coffee	Tomato Soup Poached Eggs in Cheese Sauce Cool Juniper Milk	Calf Brain Fritters Stewed Tomatoes Slaw Fruit Cocktail Cookies
THU	Half Grapefruit Whole-wheat Flakes Toast Marmalade Coffee	Sardine and Cucumber Salad Tea Biscuits Raspberry Tarts Milk	Apple Juice Steak and Kidney Pie New Potatoes Shredded Carrot Salad Cantaloupe Ice Cream	30	Blended Juice Crisp Cereal Toasted Rye Bread Marmalade Coffee	Diced Turkey and Celery Salad Sliced Tomatoes Whole-wheat Muffins Melon	Vegetable Juice Broiled Corn Beef Slices Fluffy Rice Tossed Crisp Greens Peach Pie
FRI	Orange Sections Rice Cereal Cinnamon Toast Honey Coffee	Mushroom Soup Baked Green Peppers Rice Cheese Stuffing Muffins Chilled Dog Pudding	Sea Food Salad with Deviled Eggs Fruit Cup Banana Coffeecake Coffee	31	Grapefruit Juice French Toast Spread with Tan Jelly Coffee	Molded Fruit Salad Swiss Cheese Oatcakes Chocolate Custard Limeade	Pressure-cooked Stew (steamed tomatoes, potatoes, green pepper, onion, carrots) Baked Apple Coffee
SAT	Grapefruit and Orange Juice Scrambled Eggs Toasted Muffins Jelly Coffee	Hot Dog Relish and Ketchup Leftover Coffeecake Fresh Pineapple Milk	Baked Stuffed Spareribs French Fried Asparagus Lettuce Wedges Dressing Fruit Fritters Custard Sauce				
SUN	Prunes with Cinnamon Crisp Bacon Waffles with Ice Cream and Syrup Coffee	Clam Chowder Bread Sticks Relishes Pineapple Upside-down Cake Milk	Picnic Outing Cold Spareribs Whole Tomato Potato Cottage Cheese Salad in paper cups Freshly Picked Blueberries				
MON	Cereal with Blueberries Green Pepper Omelet Toast Jelly Coffee	Shredded Carrot and Cabbage in Lemon Jelly Cheddar Cheese Balls Buttered Crumpets Leftover Upside-down Dessert	Fried Chicken Mushroom Gravy Parsley Potatoes Watermelon Wedge Coffee				
TUE	Orange Juice Frosted Wheat Flakes Toasted Crumpets Jam Coffee	Julienned Soups Head Cheese and Rye Bread Sandwiches Celery Green Onions Stewed Prunes	Mixed Vegetable Juices Bake Liver and Onions Braised Rice Stuffed Tomato Salad Chocolate Cake				
WED	Blended Juice Broiled Ham Slice spread with Marmalade Toast Jelly Coffee	Creamed Mushrooms and Pimento on Toast Spiced Crab-apple Garnish Green Salad Dressing Chocolate Cake	Cold Cuts Pickles Potato Celery Salad Cheese Straws Warm Gingerbread Apple Ginger Sauce				
THU	Grapefruit Sections Whole-grain Flakes Toasted Raisin Bread Peanut Butter Coffee	Chicken Broth Egg Salad Sandwiches Caramel Blanmange Milk	Sausage Rolls Scalloped Potatoes Sauerkraut Stuffed Celery Peach Slices Cream				
FRI	Melon Slice Poached Egg Cream Cheese and Jelly on Toast Coffee	Salmon Fondue Individual Tossed Salads Prune Whip Cookies Milk	Jellied Consomme Baked Spaghetti and Cheese Broccoli Sliced Tomatoes Cherry Tarts Iced Coffee or Tea Milk				

CHATELAINE RECIPE OF THE MONTH

SPICY SUMMER MEAT RING

- 2 pigs' feet, cut in thirds
- 1 pork hock, halved
- 2 chicken legs
- 8 cups water
- 1 medium onion, sliced
- 2 green celery tops
- 1 carrot, sliced
- 2 bay leaves
- 3 cayenne peppers
- 1 teaspoon mixed pickling spice
- 2 cloves garlic, minced
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1/2 teaspoon pepper
- Apple and celery slices

Scald pigs' feet and pork hock. With a stiff vegetable brush, scrape off bristle and blubber. Place the feet, hock, and chicken legs in deep kettle, cover with 8 cups water and bring to a boil. Skim the broth until there is no trace of any foam. Reduce heat to simmer. Add remaining ingredients and simmer, covered for 4 hours, or until meat falls from bone. Strain broth from meat and bones, cut

into bite-size pieces and set aside. Cook down meat stock with bones until it measures 6 cups. Strain through cheesecloth. Add 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce to the stock. Alternate slices of apple and celery in the bottom of a ten-cup ring mold which has been rinsed with cold water. Pour 1 cup of meat broth over apple and celery slices and allow to set. Combine meat and remaining stock. Pour into ring mold. Chill until firm.



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SUMMER FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

Continued from page 15

More tips on buying, preparing FRUITS

We really should eat fruits in season within minutes of picking, but the next best way is to serve them as simply as possible, keeping their own fine flavor in mind.

1. I like to sweeten fresh fruits with fine fruit or berry sugar. It melts so quickly or

I keep a jar of simple syrup in the refrigerator to pour over fruits that need sweetening. It is handy to add to mashed fruit for toppings over ice cream and other desserts or to mix with lemon or lime juice for tall cold drinks.

Simple Syrup

Boil 1 cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup corn syrup and 1 cup of water together for 5 minutes. Pour into a jar. If you like a thin syrup, increase water to $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 cups.

2. Or try chilled custard over berries or peaches for a change.

Buying and storing

1. Buy fresh fruits for canning that are firm, ripe and free of bruises. Try to choose them around the same size and ripeness so you won't need to worry about some being oversoft or not soft enough after canning.

2. Small fruits often look firm and dry on top of the basket but may be soft underneath. This happens if berries are picked after a rain storm and allowed to stand in a warm place. When you buy always shake the box to be sure all the berries are dry and firm.

3. Sort and throw out fruits that are bad. Separate firm fruits from soft.

4. Use soft bruised fruits first—in sauces or toppings.

5. Let unripe fruit ripen at room temperature for a few days.

6. Fruits with thick skins or peel such as plums or pears keep well.

More tips on buying, preparing VEGETABLES

For me there's nothing quite so delicious as little new potatoes cooked in their jackets and glistening with butter. Right now all the new vegetables, cooked simply and seasoned lightly, are at their best. Here's how to make the most of them:

1. Choose vegetables as fresh as possible for the best flavor and food value; store in a cool place and use as soon as you can.

2. Prepare vegetables just before cooking; try not to soak them in water because flavor and food value dissolve quickly. I sometimes prepare them ahead, but pop them into a plastic bag in the refrigerator to cook later.

3. Peel or scrape vegetables thinly because the best food value is right under the skin. Or just scrub some new vegetables.

4. Keep a sealer of vegetable water in the fridge to use in gravies, sauces and vegetable-juice cocktails.

5. Appetites perk up with contrasting vegetable colors. We like sliced fresh tomato, asparagus and potatoes together, or carrots and green beans with potatoes, or combine cauliflower, candied sweet potatoes and tossed green salad.

How to cook new vegetables

SIMMERING, best known as **BOILING**: Use a small amount of water—about one half to one inch in the pan—and bring it to a boil. Add salt, vegetables and cover tightly. Turn heat low and simmer until vegetables are JUST tender.

BAKING: Use a greased pan for potatoes or squash and bake at 400 degrees or place in a covered casserole dish with a little water, sauce or stock and bake at 350 to 375 degrees. (I sometimes put the carrots or onions around the roast with the potatoes about 1 hour before meat is done. This is also baking.)

STEAMING: Set vegetables in a perforated basket over fast-boiling water. Cover tightly and cook until tender, about 5 to 15 minutes longer than boiling.

PANNING OR BRAISING: This is a good way to cook tender vegetables that aren't too starchy, such as celery, spinach, cucumber or summer squash, carrots or green beans. Melt 2 tablespoons butter or drippings in a covered fry pan. Add 1 or 2 tablespoons water and about 2 cups raw cut-up vegetables. Cover the pan and turn heat low. Cook slowly. Shake the pan occasionally till vegetables are tender.

BROILING: Tender raw vegetables such as egg plant, tomato halves, summer squash, mushrooms or partially cooked vegetables may be brushed with butter or dripping or French dressing, then salted lightly and broiled. Broil 3 to 4 inches from the heat. Turn over during cooking.

COOKING IN FAT: Dry raw vegetables and add to deep fat, heated to 360 to 370 degrees. If vegetables are partially cooked heat fat to 385 degrees. Fry in small amounts.

WATERLESS COOKING: Best for leafy vegetables such as spinach, Swiss chard, kale, beet greens and dandelion greens. Cut off stems if they are tough or woody and give leaves a good bath. Pile into a saucepan and sprinkle with salt. Cover closely. Cook on medium heat just until steam appears under the cover, about 3 minutes. Heavy covered pans are available for waterless cooking of many vegetables other than greens. Follow the manufacturer's instruction booklets.

PRESSURE COOKING: Follow manufacturer's instructions.

Tips for leftovers

Don't throw cooked vegetables away. Here are a few reheating hints to preserve flavor as well as minerals and vitamins.

1. Place vegetables in a saucepan with about a quarter cup or less of vegetable stock or meat broth. Cover and heat to the boiling point. Then turn off heat and set pan aside until vegetables are hot.

2. Use a double boiler and put one or two tablespoons of butter or vegetable stock in the top part with the vegetables.

3. Reheat vegetable in the perforated top section of a steamer over boiling water.

4. Melt one or two tablespoons of fat in a small saucepan on low heat. Add vegetables and cover closely. Shake pan once or twice to prevent sticking.

5. Cook a fresh vegetable, then add a leftover vegetable to reheat. Heat two strong flavored vegetables together or two mild flavored vegetables together so that the flavors will not intermix. Example: green beans with carrots; cauliflower with broccoli.

6. Add cooked vegetables to cream

sauces. Try flavoring sauce with cheese, chopped chives or parsley, caraway seeds or a pinch of herbs or spices. Hollandaise sauce is nice with leftover asparagus, broccoli, leeks or cauliflower; or try leftover beets in a Harvard sauce.

7. If you have the time, dip large pieces of cooked vegetable in a fritter batter or coat with beaten egg and dry bread crumbs. Fry in deep fat. Cooked cauliflower and broccoli flowerets, parsnips, or whole carrots are good this way.

8. Pour French dressing or tart pickle juice over cold cooked vegetables, such as asparagus, broccoli, cauliflower or carrots, and let stand for an hour. (A quarter cup is about right for one cup vegetables.) Drain and save the dressing to use again.

9. Use cooked vegetables in gelatine salads. Mix them half and half with raw vegetables for crispness.

SUMMER RECIPES

ASPARAGUS CHEESE SOUFFLÉ

1 pound asparagus	1/2 cup milk
1 cup boiling water	1/2 cup grated cheese
1/2 teaspoon salt	3/4 teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons butter	1/8 teaspoon pepper
3 tablespoons flour	1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
1/2 cup asparagus stock	2 eggs, separated

Trim and wash the asparagus. Parboil in the water and salt for 4 minutes. Reserve stock. Arrange asparagus in a greased 8x8x2-inch baking dish. Melt butter in a saucepan and stir in the flour. Add the reserved stock and milk. Stir until thickened and smooth. Add grated cheese, salt, pepper and nutmeg. Cool. Then blend in 2 slightly beaten egg yolks. Fold in two stiffly beaten egg whites. Spread evenly over asparagus. Bake in preheated oven of 400 deg. F. for 20 minutes or until lightly browned. Serves 4 to 6.

TANGY COOKED MAYONNAISE

(For fruit or vegetable salad)

1/2 cup flour	2 eggs, or 4 egg yolks slightly beaten
1 tablespoon sugar	1/4 cups salad oil
1 1/2 teaspoons salt	Few drops of Tabasco sauce
1 1/2 teaspoons mustard	1/4 cup water (optional)
1/4 teaspoon paprika	1/2 cup vinegar

Mix first 5 ingredients together. Stir in water and vinegar slowly. Cook on low heat, stirring constantly, until thick and smooth. Remove from heat and beat in the eggs slowly. Add the oil 1/4 cup at a time, beating after each addition. Stir in the Tabasco. Chill before using.

NEW POTATOES BAKED IN CREAM SAUCE

2 tablespoons butter	1/8 teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons flour	1 tablespoon chopped parsley
2 cups milk	12 to 18 small new potatoes
1/2 teaspoon salt	

Melt the butter in a saucepan on low heat. Stir in flour. Remove from heat and add milk gradually, then salt and pepper. Return to the heat, stir and cook constantly until sauce is smoothly thickened. Add parsley. Scrub potatoes and leave skins on. Place them in a greased casserole or 8-inch-square dish. Pour the sauce over them and bake in a preheated oven of 350 degrees for 50 minutes or until potatoes are tender.

VARIATIONS: Add 2 tablespoons chopped



In the World of Desserts

with *Frances Barton*

So many homemakers these days depend on "convenience" foods . . . we all do, really. But did you know that those wonderfully convenient (and delicious) Jell-O products have a family history? Yes, Jell-O Products are part of the big General Foods family—

and every last member is a real ally in your kitchen. There's Kool-Aid, for example—one of my special summer favorites. Convenient Kool-Aid makes a delightfully cooling drink—and, combined with Jell-O Jelly Powder, makes inexpensive frozen suckers to treat the youngsters, too. Here's how:

☆ ☆

FROZEN SUCKERS

1 package Kool-Aid*
1 package Jell-O (same flavor)
1 cup sugar
2 cups hot water
2 cups cold water

Dissolve Kool-Aid, Jell-O and sugar in hot water. Add cold water, mixing thoroughly. Pour into ice cube trays or sucker moulds and freeze until firm. Then push sucker stick or paper spoon into each cube or mould for handle. Freeze until hard. Makes about 20 suckers.

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Two Sides to This Story



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Cherry Parfait Pudding (Tastes so good—looks so tempting)

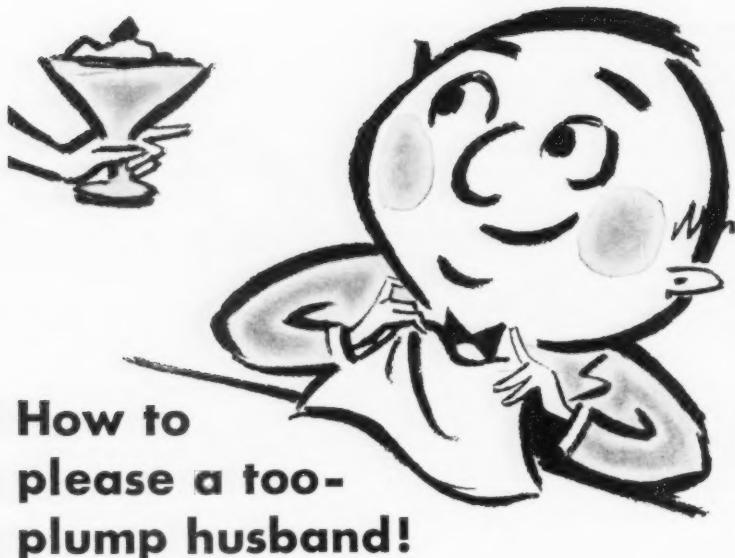
Prepare Jell-O Vanilla Pudding according to package directions. Cool slightly. Half-fill sherbet glasses with the pudding; add a rounded tablespoon of cherry sauce to each. Fill glasses with pudding. Chill. Arrange toasted almonds, petal fashion, on top of pudding and centre each "flower" with a piece of cherry. Makes 5 delicious servings at such little cost.



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green onion or chives and 2 tablespoons sweet green or red pepper to the sauce just before it is poured over the potatoes.

If you haven't time to make the sauce use one can cream of mushroom soup, diluted.

CORN AND GREEN PEPPER PUDDING

2 tablespoons butter
1/4 cup chopped green pepper
2 tablespoons chopped green onion
2 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon sugar
1/4 cup milk
1 egg yolks
1 can cream of mushroom or chicken soup

2 egg yolks, slightly beaten
2 tablespoons diced pimento (optional)
2 cups cooked corn, cut from cobs
2 egg whites
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup buttered bread crumbs

Melt the butter in a frying pan on low heat. Add green pepper and onion. Stir and cook until almost transparent. Add the flour and sugar, then stir in the milk. Cook until mixture is thick. Remove from the heat and stir in the soup, egg yolks, pimento and corn. Beat egg whites and salt together until stiff and fold in the corn mixture. Pour into a greased 8x8-inch dish or 1 1/2-quart casserole. Sprinkle with buttered crumbs and bake in a 350-degree oven for 30 to 40 minutes. Serve as a hot dish with cold meat and salad. Serves 6.

FRUIT SPONGE PIE

1 unbaked, 9-inch, deep pastry shell
2 1/2 cups fresh berries or peaches
Sponge Mixture
1 egg
1/2 cup fruit sugar
1/2 cup sifted cake flour
3/4 teaspoon baking powder

1/2 to 2 1/2 cup sugar
1 tablespoon flour
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon butter
2 tablespoons milk
1/2 teaspoon grated lemon or orange rind

Bake pastry shell for 10 minutes at 450 degrees. Mix 1/2 cup sugar and 1 tablespoon flour with the fruit. Spread in the bottom of baked shell. Beat egg until thick and lemon-colored. Add fruit sugar gradually continuing to beat until mixture is like whipped cream. Fold in the sifted dry ingredients. Heat the butter and milk together with the lemon rind until butter is melted. Fold it lightly into the egg mixture until blended. Pour over the fruit and spread to the edges. Bake at 375 to 400 degrees for 15 to 18 minutes. When cool spread with whipped cream or dredge with icing sugar.

SUMMER FRUIT CAKE PIE

Follow recipe for Fruit Sponge Pie (above) but use half a package of cake mix made according to package directions in place of the Sponge Mixture. Bake pie at 350 degrees for 20 to 25 minutes. Cool pie and frost with thin orange-flavored butter frosting.

BERRYTIME CREAM CAKE

I white cake mix
or
1 recipe of your favorite white cake

Berrytime Cream
Icing sugar
Whole berries

Bake two 8-inch layers of white cake. Cool and split each cake in half to make four layers. Put cold cake layers together with Berrytime Cream. Sift icing sugar over the top and chill until serving time. Cut in wedges and serve with remaining cream mixture. Garnish each serving with fresh whole berries.

BERRYTIME CREAM

1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup table cream or evaporated milk
1/2 cup sugar
2 teaspoons flour
1/4 teaspoon salt
3 egg yolks or
1 egg and 1 egg yolk

Heat milk and cream with 1/4 cup of sugar in top of a double boiler. Mix remaining sugar with the flour, salt and egg yolks and stir into the hot mixture. Lower the heat, stir and cook the sauce until slightly thickened. Do not overcook. (Beat with a rotary beater if mixture separates). Add the vanilla and chill the sauce in the refrigerator. When cold, add the mashed berries and fold in the whipped cream.

MOLDED FRUIT IN MELON WEDGES

2 large ripe cantaloupes or honey dew melons
1 fruit-flavored jelly powder
1 cup boiling water
1/4 cup cold water or diluted frozen fruit juice
1 tablespoon lemon or lime juice
1 to 1 1/2 cups mixed diced fresh fruit (see below)

Wash the melons and remove skin or rind with a sharp knife. Cut in half lengthwise. Scrape out the seeds and a little of the pulp to even the cavity. Set in refrigerator until jelly mixture is ready.

Dissolve jelly powder in boiling water. Add the cold water and lemon juice. Chill until mixture begins to set. Stir in the diced fruit.

Remove a thin slice from the bottom of melons that slant and fill the cavities with the jellied fruit. Set on a cookie sheet and place in the refrigerator until jelly is firm. To serve, cut each melon in half again, lengthwise, using a sharp knife. Serves 8 for salad or dessert.

FRUIT COMBINATIONS: Choose one of these three groups: 1. Diced apples or pears, sliced strawberries, diced oranges. 2. Diced peaches or apricots, bananas, whole raspberries. 3. Chopped nuts, seeded grapes or pitted sweet cherries, diced grapefruit.

FOR DESSERT: Serve with sweetened whipped cream or ice cream.

FOR SALAD: Serve on crisp salad greens. For a heartier salad include mounds of cottage cheese, stuffed dried fruits, bananas dipped in lemon juice or salad dressing and rolled in nuts, canned or fresh fruits not included in melon wedge. ♦

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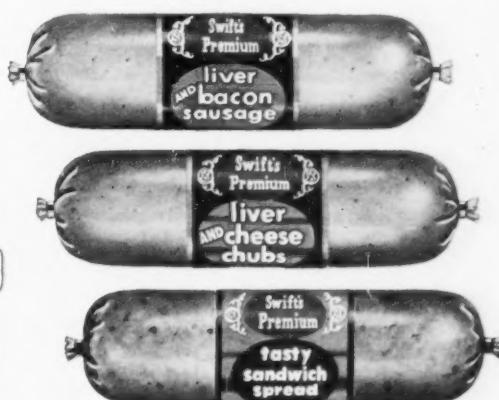
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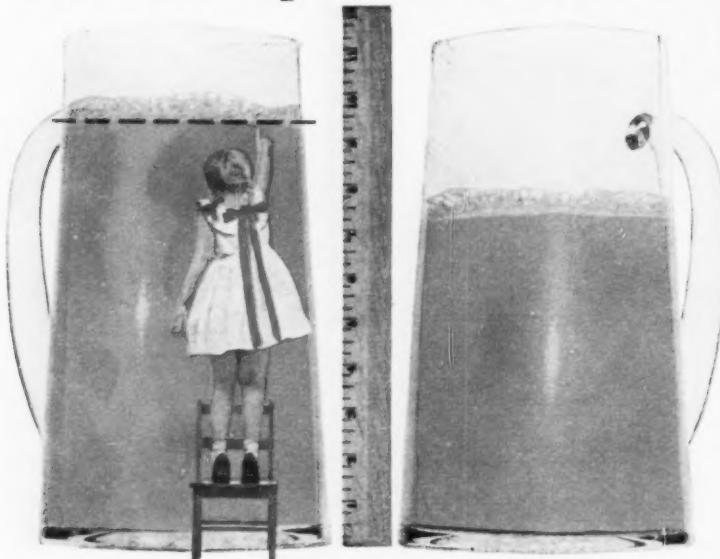


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THE DAY SIOBHAN CAME TO STRATFORD

Continued from page 13



Arriving late, Siobhan is greeted by Chris Plummer at a cast party. She had

back. "Tony, I think this is unfair of you!" She took a chair, apart from the other stone-still performers, and Guthrie genially began his opening remarks.

"We'll not play this for laughs," he said, leaning his angular body against a table and facing his company. "We'll underline the melancholy aspect . . . everyone in it, except Maria and Fabian, is quite mad." He continued to outline the general principles of the characters while the cast listened intensely and thought of Siobhan, rigid and white-faced.

As the rehearsal began few minutes later in the penetratingly cold Festival Concert Hall, a curious change in atmosphere and attitude took place. Oddly, both Siobhan and Guthrie had benefited from the unpleasant exchange. Guthrie would have disappointed the cast if he had not spoken—his discipline is always sharp and fair. On the other hand, the humiliation the newcomer suffered instantly won her total sympathy.

"It was a Machiavellian plot," grinned an actor later. "Guthrie planned the whole scene in order to make her immediately popular with the cast."

Even without the dubious advantage of a scolding, Siobhan McKenna seemed highly likely to be the most popular star Stratford has ever known. She's a rare being, totally devoid of the layer of protective pretense with which most adults shelter themselves from hurt. She is implacably honest and has such a lack of polished reserve that she readily reveals her hot emotions about Ireland, her eight-year-old son Donnacha (Gaelic for Dennis), the stormy paintings of J. B. Yeats, brother of the poet, the theatre, Irish rebels and poets or any cause, particularly one that seems doomed. She is equally outspoken against the commercialism in New York theatre, where she once demanded a thousand dollars a week for a play she didn't want to do, The Chalk Garden, and took one hundred dollars a week for the play she loves best, Saint Joan. "She's not just devoted to the theatre," observed her Stratford co-star Christopher Plummer. "She's dedicated. There's a world of difference."

The company manager of her Saint Joan in New York recently summed up her attitude: "She's stage-struck," he grinned.

Miss McKenna spends her talent for acting with high, hard courage. She is one of the few actresses alive who cries real tears on stage, performance after performance. Her honesty is so consuming that she refuses, even when ordered by her doctor, to counterfeit a cry of agony that hurts her throat.

The Stratford Festival Company, notoriously slow to respect a visiting celebrity (James Mason, who starred at Stratford three years ago, was regarded with amused contempt), watched the Irish stranger during the early, fumbling re-

hearsals and came away impressed.

"Isn't she marvelous?" observed actor Bruce Swerdfager, who this season is company manager. "I saw her Saint Joan in London. It was the greatest acting I've ever seen."

Another actor, slouched deep in his clothes, commented, "She's smaller than I thought." Behind him, an actress murmured, "She's stocky. You could picture her tilling fields." Siobhan is a chameleon; she can make a regal entrance looking tall and dramatic, with her jet hair and white face, or she can look impish, with freckles and laughing green eyes. She can change from a plain, sturdy peasant to a fathomless beauty as her mood moves.

Because the \$1,500,000 Festival Theatre was far from completed when rehearsals started, an exact duplicate of the now famous apron-shaped stage was built of raw wood in the nearby Festival Concert Hall, a cavernous former dance hall. When Siobhan McKenna arrived, so calamitously late, she found the hall viciously damp and cold, after days of rain and unseasonable low temperatures. The cast, arranged in attitudes of despair on two rows of folding chairs, were bundled in quantities of mismatched and elderly clothing. The men wore sweaters and windbreakers or overcoats with shapeless trousers and soft-soled shoes to make their stage movements more sure. The stage manager, Jack Merigold, had wrapped a thunderously striped scarf around his neck, with trailing fringed edges, and set a cap squarely on top of his head. Most of the women wore slacks and coats; the delicately built Regina actress, Frances Hyland, added a thick scarf and gloves and sat close to an electric heater when she could. Siobhan normally wears knee-length denim, a loose blouse and flat shoes when rehearsing. Since she hadn't yet unpacked, she came to the opening rehearsal in a purple suit of a distinguished cut with a thick loop of white beads around her neck.

Like everyone else, she carried a crackling new red-covered edition of Twelfth Night and read her lines throughout the rehearsal. "Having your lines all memorized at the opening rehearsal is for amateurs," an actress had observed the night before. Miss McKenna prepared for Stratford only by reading an enormous edition of explanatory notes on the play. "It's best to learn your lines while rehearsing," she explains.

The shaping of Siobhan's first entrance, an important moment for a star, was evolved during the first two rehearsals and provides a prime example of the exulted coherence between a brilliant director and an intelligent actress. It also established that the rumor of Miss McKenna's intractability was based on malicious myth.

Shortly after the scene with Guthrie,



spent three hours looking for the spot.

Siobhan docilely took her place for her first entrance and began reading. Guthrie watched her, then turned to an actor beside him and whispered delightedly, "She's nice, isn't she?" He moved closer to the stage and began to work on the entrance.

It occurs early in the play, when Viola appears with a group of sailors and a captain, all of them cast up by the sea following a shipwreck. The shore is strange and Viola is distraught because she believes her twin brother to be drowned. Shakespeare's directions are only, "Enter Viola, Captain and Sailors. Viola: What country, friends, is this?"

Guthrie first gave a general direction, "You're coming out of the sea, you know, and you pause here on the steps. You can sit, if you like."

With Max Helpmann, who plays the captain, Siobhan slowly mounted the steps at the front of the stage, sat down slowly and gracefully at the top and spoke her line.

Guthrie, pacing in front of the stage constantly in a physical manifestation of concentration, abruptly interrupted by snapping his long loose fingers. He gets a startlingly loud sound.

"Once again. Put an arm around her, Max, to show you're both really sagging with exhaustion . . . that's fine, but not too lovey now."

Miss McKenna leaned on the tall, bearded actor and Helpmann, suggesting tender gallantry and consideration, put an arm around her shoulders. They climbed the steps together and this time Guthrie didn't interrupt and they continued the scene.

The following day Guthrie tackled the entrance again. Miss McKenna had arrived an hour and forty-five minutes early and sat quietly watching Douglas Campbell, who has played Oedipus Rex, and Chris Plummer, this season's Hamlet, rehearse their Twelfth Night roles as loutish clowns. Guthrie approached her, beaming fondly. "You're early," he said. She looked up at him with a twinkle. "I just wanted to be sure," she smiled.

While she waited to rehearse the entrance again, she watched Guthrie at work. To Lloyd Bochner, who plays the role of the lovesick duke, Guthrie suggested more emphasis on a girl's name. "Don't just rattle off her name like it was Alice," he complained. Bochner smiled and Siobhan chuckled appreciatively. Guthrie's vividly evocative speech is a joy; Stratford performers keep a mental file of twenty or more favorite lines. He composes his directions with zest. A moment later he approved an actor who made his entrance slowly, taking deep breaths. "That's very good," commented Guthrie casually. "Smelling the air like that, as though it had been very black velvet inside."

Afterward he turned again to the prob-

RECIPE
MEAL-IN-A-MOULD

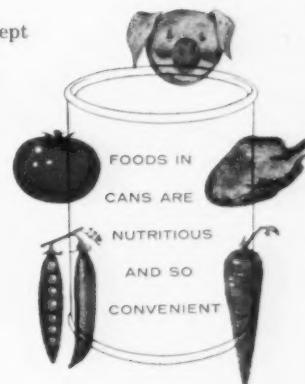
1 can Consomme
1 cup hot water
1½ cups cold water
1 can Peas, well drained
1 can Shoestring Carrots, well drained
1 7-oz. can Boneless Chicken
1 12-oz. can Luncheon Meat
3 envelopes (3 tablespoons) unflavoured Gelatin

Dissolve gelatin in hot water; add cold water and consomme. Arrange a layer of peas and carrots in loaf-shaped mould, add a little of the jelly mixture by spoonfuls and allow to set. Add chicken and set again. More jelly. Add minced luncheon meat, more jelly and set again. Finish mould with balance of peas, carrots and jelly. Serves 8. Note: This mould will set without refrigeration. Actual preparation time: 6 minutes.

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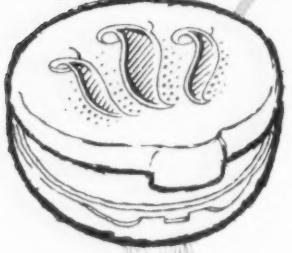
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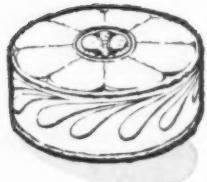
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She would have preferred Cleopatra

lem of Siobhan's first entrance. He looked reflective as she and Helpmann repeated the method of the night before.

Suddenly Guthrie snapped his fingers. "Try it all again," he said rapidly, "and Siobhan, you rather crawl up the steps and lie on your face." He made an awkward but graphic gesture of hiding his face between upcrooked elbows. "Lie like this, exhausted, and wait a moment before you look up."

Siobhan flashed him a look of approval and comprehension. She made the entrance again and then again. Together they polished it, making it more weary each time and eventually deciding that she would deliver her first line, in a tone of utter hopelessness, while flat on her back.

"What a stunner that will be," breathed an actor softly. "A marvelous entrance."

Many people close to Miss McKenna suspected that she had come to Stratford for this very reason, to be directed by the superb artistry of Guthrie. It was known that she was drawing, by star standards, a modest salary (about three hundred dollars a week) and that she hadn't wanted to do Twelfth Night at all.

Siobhan McKenna was the only woman mentioned in a list of names that Tom Patterson took to New York last winter on his annual shopping trip for a festival star. Patterson, a slight unassuming man with unexpectedly high tensile strength, conceived the dream that the quiet town of Stratford, Ont., could have a Shakespearean festival that would attract world attention. Though buffeted by the interior convulsions that attended the realization of his vision, he has endured and now is known as Festival Director of Planning.

"When I first approached Siobhan in New York," Patterson recalls mildly, "she told me the whole thing was unlikely. This is normal procedure in the theatre where performers like time to consider their next moves. I waited and eventually she came up with a counter-proposal—that she would bring her New York company of Saint Joan to Stratford."

This suggestion wasn't entirely unexpected. Siobhan has loved Saint Joan since she first read it at the age of eleven, and wept. She translated the Shaw play into Gaelic and played it in Ireland. She was voted the best actress of the year when she took the play, in English, to London's West End.

She wanted to make her New York debut as Saint Joan and settled only reluctantly on The Chalk Garden, in which she was wildly hailed by the critics for an extraordinarily sensitive performance. The following season, 1956-57, she played Saint Joan in a small off-Broadway theatre. She does the part flat out, at the top of her ability, wearing a rough kirtle, no make-up and savagely ugly close-cropped hair. Saint Joan represents to her all that she finds best in people, earthiness, high courage, intense nationalism. She has played the role without pay.

Patterson gently pointed out that she couldn't bring Saint Joan to Stratford because the festival is intended as a showcase and training ground for Canadian actors. "Besides," he added, "our own Canadian Players have done Saint Joan and the public has had enough of it for a while."

Reluctantly, Miss McKenna agreed.

"What play would you like to do?" asked Patterson.

"Anthony and Cleopatra," she answered promptly.

This was also impossible. Hamlet had already been selected and the festival traditionally balances a tragedy with a comedy, like Twelfth Night. Negotiations were delicate for a time but finally it was settled.

"I've been doing meaty parts for ten years, so it's a nice change for me," she remarked to an acquaintance in Stratford.

Siobhan's first few days in Canada were studded with disasters, a staggering conglomeration of mechanical breakdowns, human errors and foul asides from the weather.

She began by being two hours late for a press conference in Toronto, where reporters and photographers gathered to be introduced. Coming breathlessly into the hotel suite rented for the occasion, she explained apologetically that her car had broken down on the road from New York. "Smoke was pouring out of it," she elaborated, making smoke-pouring-out gestures.

The following day the board of governors of the festival had arranged a reception for the company in Stratford. This time she was three hours late, coming in just when the last knot of people was leaving. "I was lost," she moaned in anguish.

Her anguish was real; she was also furious. She had driven from Toronto, through a murky countryside sodden with an impenetrable rain. When she arrived in Stratford she discovered that the furnished house that was being rented to her wouldn't be ready until the following day. She checked in at the hotel and changed, shivering, into a backless dress she had been advised would be suitable for the party. She then spent the next two hours driving around Stratford trying to find the reception.

When she asked for directions to the theatre, some stared at her in her long Jaguar and turned away without speaking. Others ungraciously pointed down a street and muttered "You can't miss it." Eventually she found the half-constructed Festival Theatre, set in oozing mud and hollow-eyed where windows would be placed. Stepping around broken concrete blocks, a crane and vast yellow puddles, she found a watchman making his rounds in the drafty interior.

"Where's the festival party?" she asked. He was stunned. "Not here, lady."

She found the Festival Office, which was locked and deserted. She went back to her hotel room.

"The hotel has a heavy rope coiled up by the window," she later observed. "I suppose it is for use in case of fire but at that moment I was certain it was so guests could hang themselves."

She decided on one more try. Knocking again on the door of the house she would be renting, she said wearily, "Is there any message for me?"

"Heavens, yes," exclaimed the owner. "I completely forgot. You're to go to the Victorian Inn. They're having a reception there."

There were few familiar faces at the Victorian Inn. Guthrie had gone, Tom Patterson was just leaving. Some introductions were made and then Chris

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Plummer, whom she knew in New York, led her to a secluded corner, found her a drink and listened sympathetically.

"What's the matter with the people here," she cried, close to tears. "Don't they like actors?"

"Some don't," murmured Plummer. "The ones that resent us can be damned rude."

"But in Stratford in England," wailed Siobhan, "the actors just own the town. People can't do enough."

"I know, darling," Plummer said consolingly. "But most people here are pretty decent. You'll see."

Most of the festival company have been aware of a certain amount of hostility toward them in Stratford. The hostess at a birthday party for Max Helpmann later that same night returned to the living room after answering her front door. "The season is officially begun," she announced, sinking into a chair. "I've just got my first complaint."

Bruno Gerussi, one of the two company actors who makes his home in Stratford all year round, has developed an understanding of the town's attitude. "People here are different from anywhere else in Canada," he insists. "I ought to know because I tour all winter with the Canadian Players. Here they are suspicious of strangers and nervous. It makes them seem cold and unfriendly, but they don't mean it. If you make an effort to be nice you find them wonderful to you. This spring when I got back from the tour, people crossed the street to say hello to me. That's really something, you know."

Siobhan McKenna spent her first day in Stratford getting settled. She breakfasted on black coffee (sometimes she adds a raw egg) and called on the people, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Johnston, who are renting her their house. Mrs. Johnston, slightly flustered, showed her through the neat and comfortable home.

The Irish actress was pleased with a patch of garden behind the house. "That will be wonderful for my son," she said softly, her light Irish brogue thickening. "He's coming soon, with a governess. We'll have a whole summer together."

Siobhan's husband, Denis O'Dea, is an actor she met when she joined the Abbey Theatre in Dublin. Since he now works mainly in films in Hollywood and Europe, they often are separated. This is one of the vicissitudes of a theatre marriage, so she is adjusted to having only patches of time with Denis. The actress has periods of ravaging loneliness, away from Ireland and family. She is ecstatic when her son Donnacha can be with her.

Someone mentioned to Miss McKenna that several New York critics are expected for the opening performances of Hamlet and Twelfth Night. She was uninterested. "I never read them, until I'm finished doing the role," she explained. "Their comments throw me off, especially if they like something I do. Then I get concentrating on that one thing and get confused."

After the opening of The Chalk Garden, she continued, she went straight home to her New York apartment and prepared for bed. "Everyone else was going to Sardi's, laughing and talking, waiting for the papers to be brought in. I couldn't stand even the thought of it. I was almost asleep when the phone rang. It was a friend who had just finished reading the notices. She said to me, 'You can send for your son.' Then I

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slept, with such a sense of peace."

After she left the Johnston house, Miss McKenna visited the Festival Theatre and stared aghast at the steel scaffolding that filled its interior. "They'll never finish it in time, never, never," she said in a low shocked voice.

Afterward she went to the festival offices and met with old friends from England's Stratford who have moved to the Canadian costume department. With designer Tanya Moiseiwitsch and Ray Difffen, head costumer, she examined sketches and swatches of cloth. Together they gravely discussed the details of the clothes.

"I promise you that we'll get a good brown for that one," commented Tanya, referring to the male costume Siobhan wears when she is disguised as a boy. "It will be a good brown, not dingy."

Siobhan nodded. "The more I thought about it being brown, the better I liked it. I like the Quakerlike simplicity of it. I was only fussed about the legs, having the boots a different color."

"Yes, yes," agreed Tanya. "I see exactly what you mean. It's been changed."

Siobhan looked anxious. "It's just that I saw a costume like that on television once and the effect of the different-colored boots made her look sawed-off."

Tanya grinned. "Don't worry, we'll fix it."

That evening Siobhan McKenna moved into her Stratford home and then left for the opening rehearsal. She was eight minutes late because she couldn't find the Concert Hall and drove for over a mile in the wrong direction. It was this third and final lateness that drew Guthrie's ire.

"Did I ever tell you about the time I was a *day* late for a Guthrie rehearsal?" began Douglas Campbell that evening, when a few of the company were discussing the incident over an after-rehearsal beer. "Well, I threw open the door of the theatre and there stood Guthrie, about eight feet tall and glaring at me. I walked toward him feebly, shaking like an aspen. 'Terribly sorry,' I managed to say. 'I missed my train.' He just looked at me coldly. 'Set . . .' he said. Just that. I aged, I'll tell you."

Frances Hyland joined the group at that moment. "They've made up," she announced, beaming. "Just as I left the rehearsal I saw Guthrie put his arm around her shoulders. Everything is fine."

Siobhan McKenna went home that night and, despite her fatigue, unpacked her clothes and put everything away. "It's such a treat not to be living out of a suitcase, to be really settled." She went to bed with a better feeling about Stratford, which was promptly rewarded the next day by warming weather, the sight of swans on the river and a smile from the clerk in a supermarket.

"I love working at a festival," she reported gaily, without a touch of irony in her tone. "The atmosphere is so relaxed and actors can do really good work. None of that terrible pressure you find in New York."

A few days later, on Siobhan's thirty-fourth birthday, members of the company met at the home of Mary Jolliffe, director of festival publicity, and gave the Irish actress a party. She was grateful, and very moved. An actor, Tony van Bridge, studied her from across the crowded room. "We're a company now," he said with satisfaction. "Now we're all really one company. ♦

SHE DRESSES ON \$1 A DAY

Continued from page 17

In the afternoon, she likes to change into a dress or skirt and blouse. So, opposite the second group of activities—"sewing, reading, dining, relaxing," she has listed her brown tweed skirt which she wears with her shirts and sweaters and with her beige suit blouse. Then, her two-piece gold wool jersey dress. The top, a blouson, also goes with her tweed skirt. Her very new-looking striped mid-skirt dress and, finally, her brown calf pumps.

For casual entertaining she has listed, in addition to her dresses, a TV outfit—black velveteen pants, white blouse, red cummerbund, black flats. This is three years old but as smart as the day she bought it.

Opposite the third group "church, etc., she has put her camel's-hair coat, the brown accessories which go with it, with all her dresses—and with her suit. The suit is a lightweight beige tweed, suitable for both spring and fall. Since one pair of brown calf pumps is not enough she has added an extra pair, circling them for her shopping list. She has a green wool dress with knitted yoke, has decided she needs another—a brown and/or beige figured silk.

The final group of activities, "Christmas parties, wedding, dance," posed a problem. At first Betty thought she had nothing suitable for any of them. And she didn't want to spend a lot of money on party dresses because she knew she wouldn't wear them often enough to warrant the expense. She had a strapless sapphire-blue taffeta formal with a full skirt and a bolero, shoes dyed to match. But it was four years old and definitely dated. She decided she would like a short-sleeved black crepe dress (crepe, she knew, was coming back in vogue). Since she felt she couldn't spend more than twenty dollars, Chatelaine suggest-

ed that she make it herself—and in a style that could be dressed up or down by varying the accessories. She would need a small, black hat too. These she has listed and circled, adding the black suede pumps, white gloves and pearls already in her wardrobe.

Chatelaine suggested she also make an overskirt for the black dress out of the old blue taffeta—and an evening bag too. Then she got an idea. She discovered that she could remove the knitted yoke from her green wool dress. This makes the neckline quite décolleté and suitable for the Christmas parties. Now, the green dress can do double duty. The sapphire-blue overskirt will look well with it too. So will the blue shoes. The combination of emerald green and sapphire blue should make this outfit really elegant.

Mrs. Rogers completed her wardrobe plan by taking stock of her lingerie. She found she needed an extra bra and girdle, a black slip (for the new black dress), a wool dressing gown, slippers to wear with it and nylons.

Next—her budget. She can't afford to buy everything at once, nor does she want to. Instead, she has budgeted over several months, planning her thirty-dollar allowance so that she can buy the things she needs most or earliest, first. The girdle is to come out of her July allowance, the station-wagon coat is budgeted over three months—she really doesn't need it till cooler weather sets in. The brown calf pumps can wait as she already has one pair, so can the black crepe dress. It is budgeted over a five-month period.

Betty Rogers doesn't count on any "bargains" but neither does she accept substitutes nor indulge in impulse shopping. She knows fashion. She knows herself and her life. She takes all three into account in planning her wardrobe. ♦

Lingerie for wardrobe (page 18)

Foundations	2 bras, 1 girdle + 1 new girdle, 1 bra
Slips	2 white + 1 new black (for new black dress)
Nightwear	4 nighties, 1 negligee, 1 pair mules + new wool dressing gown, slippers
Stockings	3 pairs + 6 new pairs

Betty's shopping list—July 1 to December 1

BUDGET \$150 OR \$30 A MONTH	JULY	AUG.	SEPT.	OCT.	NOV.
Station-wagon coat (\$25)	\$10	\$10	\$5		
String gloves — lined (\$2.50)			\$2.50		
Beige and/or brown silk dress (\$30)	\$7.50	\$15	\$7.50		
Brown Calf pumps (\$16)			\$6	\$10	
Black dress (3 yds. crepe) (\$15)					\$15
Black hat (\$10)					\$10
Black slip (\$8)			\$8		
Girdle (\$7)	\$7				
Bra (\$2.50)	\$2.50				
Dressing gown — wool (\$18.95)				\$18.95	
Slippers (\$5)					\$5
Ilyons — six pairs (\$6)	\$3	\$3			
TOTAL \$145.95	\$30	\$28	\$29	\$28.95	\$30

BOLD FIGURES indicate final payment.

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A Woman Doctor Looks At Love And Life

by Dr. Marion Hilliard

Dr. Marion Hilliard is former Chief of Obstetrics and Gynaecology of the Women's College Hospital, Toronto. She has lectured in the United States and Canada and some of this material has appeared in Chatelaine and Reader's Digest and has already received high praise.

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MY FAREWELL TO RADIO —KATE AITKEN

Continued from page 11

Arab official also had grandchildren! The ceremonies are unforgettable . . . the thousands of world pilgrims, the brilliant uniforms of United Nations officers, the scarlet robes and gold crowns of the clergy, the flickering candlelight and the intense silence.

Christmas Eve at Yellowknife? Hundreds of gold miners, Eskimos, young Canadians, fly into Yellowknife (from distances of three to four hundred miles) for services in the Protestant churches and in the theatre where midnight Mass is celebrated. Then, quite literally, the city is wide open and no one goes to bed. Forty-five degrees below? Fifty below? No matter. Restaurants, snack bars, juke boxes run all night and high into the morning.

Being in the public eye, as I have been all my life, people gossip. "Is she ever at home?" they say. "Who brought up her children?" "I hear she can't even boil a kettle." "How can this woman describe a country after spending two days in it?"

Wider spread is the criticism from my male colleagues. "Always looks at life through rose-colored glasses." That's from Gordon Sinclair who claims I'm opinionated and oversimplify everything. Wayne and Shuster portray me as fussy, purely feminine, without a brain in my head. The Maritimes' Rawhide (Max Ferguson, who sounds such an old-timer and is so young) does a broadcast nearly every week on my idiosyncrasies. But none of this is malicious.

One thing I have learned through years of broadcasting: we ourselves in radio are not important. But because of the work we do, it is our privilege to attend outstanding functions, to absorb as a clean blotter all the color, all the high points and bring them to our listeners.

The wedding of Princess Elizabeth touched the romantic heart of the world. But to me the rehearsal, held in Westminster Abbey on the afternoon before the wedding, was the real highlight. The abbey was dim and empty except for a few overseas broadcasters like myself who were permitted to attend. The rehearsal lasted into dusk. Emerging from the great doors of the abbey, I saw against the street lights shining softly through the fog Queen Elizabeth in a rosy suit, Princess Margaret in beige, the bride-to-be in that misty blue which so well matches her eyes.

As the royal party stood outside the abbey waiting for their cars, the young Princess, then a shy, sensitive girl, turned to her bridegroom-to-be and said, "Darling, it's going to be a lovely wedding." It was, but the family party preceding it was just such a family party as any one of us might enjoy before the wedding day.

That night crowds packed the street in front of Buckingham Palace and the young Princess and Prince came out. When Princess Elizabeth laid her arm on Philip's, showing the gleaming diamond engagement ring, romance flowered, hearts were warmed and every mother thought: "But she's just like my daughter." And I was among them.

And here is one of my finest memories of our young Queen. The royal tour in

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Canada was postponed because of the serious illness of George VI. The royal couple arrived in Toronto at sundown on Friday, October 12, 1951. Before the ceremonies were quite complete, I had to rush off with a police escort to do my 7 p.m. broadcast, during which I mentioned the deep affection existing between the King and his daughter, and the solicitude of the King that the queen-to-be should be well trained. The then Lieutenant-governor Ray Lawson and Mrs. Lawson entertained the royal couple at dinner and turned on my broadcast. At lunch next day, when I was presented to Princess Elizabeth, she said: "I would like to thank you for your kind words last night about my father, the King."

In Canadian life it has been my privilege to meet and interview Canada's prime ministers, including the late Mackenzie King and Louis St. Laurent. Above all, St. Laurent is a family man. In 1949 his fourteen-year-old granddaughter Louise Samson was our guest on Children's Day at the Canadian National Exhibition, there to say grace. After lunch, I took her strolling to the midway, to the grandstand and to the waterfront races. Grandfather — ever since — has greeted me kindly.

Canadians will long remember that day, December 30, 1941, when Mr. Churchill (as he was then) spoke in the Canadian House of Commons. It was a wartime speech, carefully written. But Churchill interlarded it with ad libs. Speaking of Hitler claiming that he could wring Britain's neck like that of an old chicken, Churchill looked over his glasses and ad libbed, "Some chicken . . . some neck!" Afterward, when I had tea with him in the Prime Minister's suite, as if he were an amateur speaker he asked: "Do you think that went over?"

Ernie Bevin, tough Labour leader and Churchill's secretary of war, always fascinated me. Among a dozen remembrances this stands out. Bevin lunched, and alone, in the restaurant in the House of Commons. In front of him were maps of the world. Beside him, bread, cheese and a glass of beer. Very kindly, during one of my visits to London, he permitted me to share his lunch. Here was a man, orphaned at six, working at ten, who rose to become head of one of Britain's greatest unions. He never lost his bluff manner. He never stopped fighting for everything he believed in.

My interview with Mussolini in Rome in 1927 was one of my most exciting assignments, because at that time I was new at the game. Here was a man who was then climbing the ladder of greatness, and where and when his foot slipped, no one will ever know. And it was in October of that same year, 1927, I did my formal curtsey to Queen Mary and the Princess Royal when they came to survey the Overseas Exhibition at the Kensington Museum in London.

Billy Graham? Following our broadcast interview in 1954, he came down with me to our office for a cup of coffee with my office staff. Here was no flamboyance, no building of self-esteem, but a worker meeting fellow workers with friendliness.

During the years at the Canadian National Exhibition when I headed the Women's Division, I met our own Barbara Ann Scott, Lord and Lady Alexander, the Earl of Mountbatten and Countess Mountbatten, the late Duke of Kent, the Prince of Wales, Princess Juliana, Eleanor Roosevelt, and many others.

The Mountbattens? They're a handsome pair. Never have I met anyone with such a capacity for detail as Lady Mountbatten. Before she arrived, she telephoned for details of all functions at which she would appear, the women whom she would meet, the professions of their husbands. And she never slipped up. The crowning touch came as she left. She asked, "Now may I meet the members of your staff?" Courtesy, kindness such as that are never forgotten.

Barbara Ann Scott? The year she visited the exhibition she was training up north for the Olympics. She was just a girl, but a girl who even then had captured the imagination of the Canadian people. Mackenzie King, who that year opened the exhibition, attached himself to our little party because of his affection for Barbara Ann's father, which affection he had carried through to the daughter. He skipped the tea, he skipped the reception, he tagged along as if he were a friend of the family — which indeed he was.

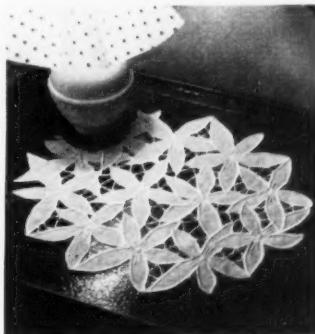
And no list of celebrities would be complete without the woman for whom I have the deepest respect and the greatest admiration, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. The day she spent with us was long and wearisome. She had driven from Hyde Park to Idlewild Airport, and from there flown to Canada; but never once during the day did she dodge a camera, a microphone or refuse an interview. With that day behind us, I drove her out to Malton Airport, stopping in at our house for a cup of tea.

My grandchildren were entranced with her. Picking up our small Johnny and setting him on her knee, she said: "You know, Johnny, I have seventeen grandchildren, and this is what I tell them . . . grow up and make your country proud of you."

They call me Pollyanna — well, of course I am.

Take Hurricane Hazel in October 1954 for example. One of the communities hardest hit was the market-garden area

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at Holland Marsh, thirty-eight miles from Toronto. Here is a community of Netherlands, Italians, Poles, Germans and Austrians. Fifteen hundred people were evacuated in five hours. It was close to Christmas. A temporary camp was being set up. I called Reeve Art Evens, of Bradford, to ask what was needed. Art said: "Everything. Blankets, clothing, food, kitchen utensils and something for Christmas."

I appealed on the air for those specific items, and not only did everything

flow in abundantly, but Christmas baskets were provided by air listeners for every family in that community. I did a Christmas Eve broadcast, out of doors, at the temporary community centre. It was a sleetly, miserable night. Even the mikes had to be enclosed in cellophane. But standing in front of the temporary platform were hundreds of new Canadians, singing their Christmas carols in five different languages, then taking home with them everything which "kind hearts and gentle people" had provided.

But this, I think, is one of the most amusing and at the same time touching stories I've garnered through the years.

During the depression a grandmother wrote a heartbreaking appeal. Her son was on relief; there were five children in the home; and the little granddaughter had been praying nightly and had also written to Santa Claus for a doll. In desperation, grandma wrote to me. I broadcast that appeal and received dolls, doll carriages—just everything that the heart of a child could desire. The sur-

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plus was spread about to other children. Then I went back on the air to say a heartfelt "Thank you."

A little girl in the Muskoka district, home from school, heard both broadcasts. With her pencil in hand and a scrap of wrapping paper she wrote me. "I am so glad that Dorothy Jane got her doll. Now I don't need a doll, because I'm eleven years old and too old. But I tell you what we do need — a piano."

That really fazed me! I wrote back: "A doll is easy to ship, but a piano! How could we get it up to your district?"

The eleven-year-old was smarter than I. "My daddy drives a truck and he could easily pick up the piano." She added: "We're starting a Sunday school here and the children are meeting in our house. If we had a piano it would be wonderful."

Somewhat that letter haunted me, and the next week at a Kiwanis luncheon I repeated the story to my table partner. He listened, then said, "We've got a piano that's never used." Not only did he send the piano, but a book, *How to Play Piano in Ten Easy Lessons!*

That May 24 the little Sunday school, with fourteen pupils, had a grand opening. Wrote the little girl, "It was wonderful. I was able to play Jesus Loves Me with two hands and Onward, Christian Soldiers with one hand."

Can you wonder that, being the intermediary for so many years between need and outpouring, I continue to think the world is filled with generous people?

Every broadcast is an adventure, nor can you predict how it is going to turn out. Radio is really show business and "the show must go on." Only in radio we say, "Let's get the show on the air." And whether you walk, drive in a buckboard . . . fly or take a taxi . . . whether you grab a passing motorist and hitchhike —at a definite moment in the day the show goes on the air.

The most amusing broadcasts were those I did for many years from the Canadian National Exhibition. These depended for day-by-day interest on the audience out front. One night we were giving away electric egg cookers, and our first guest, with her husband, was a partner in a big poultry farm. I asked her all about eggs, hens, hatching, and she did a marvelous interview. Then I presented her with the egg cooker, ending with, "And I'm sure you'll find this most useful in your home."

Our guest took a bewildered look at it, then called out to the audience, "Would any of you people like this egg cooker—in our house we never eat eggs!"

During the exhibition broadcasts, a daily gift from the directors of the exhibition was an engraved silver tray given to whoever in the audience had come from farthest away. It seems no matter where I travel in Canada, someone comes up to say, "You know, my mother-in-law" . . . or "my mother" . . . or "my wife" got one of those silver trays from the exhibition."

My broadcasts reached from St. John's to Victoria—in all forty-four stations, every one of which I visited during the broadcast year. In Newfoundland the names bedazzle me. Driving, we once picked up four young air-force boys. Inevitably my first question was, "And where do you boys come from?" Here they are—Heart's Ease, Heart's Content, Heart's Desire and Heart's Delight.

On the broadcasts our mail runs to about three hundred thousand letters a year. They range all the way from "How

do I get rid of ants?" to "My husband is crazy—how do I get him certified?" Listeners have written to me over the years whose lives I know as well as my own. Our Mrs. Thompson, for example: we married her, we took her through her first confinement . . . we took her children to school . . . we helped them over the measles. But when her ten-year-old daughter was flower girl at her uncle's wedding all my ingenuity was strained. "The groom's family don't pay enough attention to Sylvia," she wrote me. "I was never consulted. Should I have a shower for the bride? And what material should I buy for the flower-girl outfit?"

When the day of the wedding arrived and ended, I heaved a sigh of relief and said to the girls in the office, "We've got The Wedding over." I spoke too soon. Came a phone call, "Sylvia got a spot of ice cream on her flower-girl outfit. How do I take it out?" And we no sooner got the spot out of the dress than her father-in-law died. Now she needed the etiquette of funerals!

In our office, that goes on and on. But I like these people. It is my contact with human beings and their problems. I say something that upsets a deeply religious person—I get a flood of tracts in reply! I express an opinion on current affairs, and it's either "You're a credit to Canada," or "You should be put off the air. I'm reporting you to the Prime Minister." When I ventured to criticize the setup of the Senate, four senators voiced indignant protest.

I go to New York for the early fashion showings, come back and describe in great detail a white ermine wrap and a silver lamé dress. Who writes for the pattern? A listener from Peace River!

In the early spring, when gardeners are planting out flowering shrubs, I recommended dusting hot cayenne pepper about the young trees. Wrote an indignant dog lover, "I always knew you didn't like animals. Take that cayenne pepper and push it up your nose and down your throat and see how you like it!"

And now, after all this, comes the question, how did I get into radio? Why did I stay for twenty-three years? Why, if it's such an exciting life, am I leaving?

These are questions I have faced every day since I said, "I'm quitting."

I got into radio by a fluke. We were doing cooking schools in Charlottetown, and I was in the midst of whipping up a cake when the manager of the local radio station rushed in and said, "Our woman commentator has just fallen downstairs and broken her leg. Will you come up and do a broadcast?"

I did . . . and that was how I got into radio . . . on a broken leg!

Why have I stayed in it for twenty-three years? Because I loved every minute of it. The mad dashes here and there . . . the people . . . the places.

Why am I leaving?

For this broadcaster, new horizons have opened—working with the written word rather than the spoken. But one thing I've always recognized: the written word, while it may have more permanence than the spoken word, never gets the same immediate response. Hearts are more easily touched with a story spoken rather than a story told.

When I finish my last broadcast—when I face the mike for the last time—inevitably there will be a feeling of sadness. But the golden bonds of friendship, forged through these many years, will still and always remain. ♦

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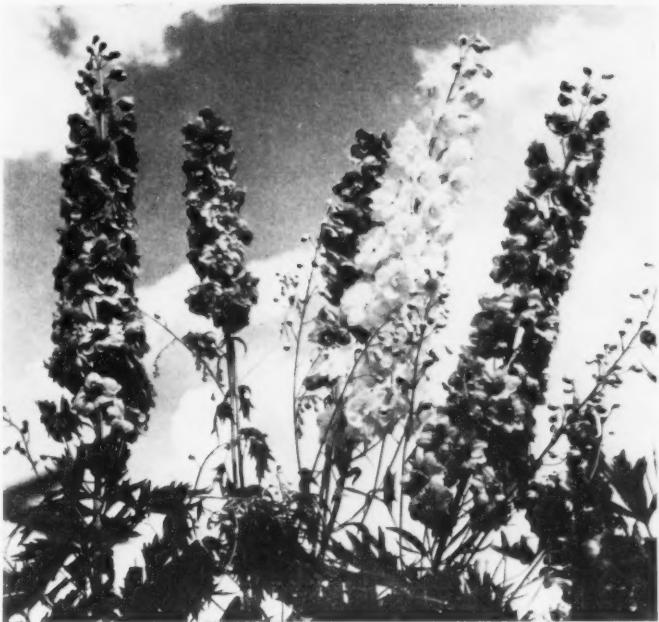
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GARDEN WITH CHATELAINE



For July: a color spectacular

This sure-fire border calls for roses and delphiniums with spicings of color added . . . as indicated

BY HELEN O'REILLY

SELECTING flowers for your borders is a little like planning a party. There are the old friends you simply must have. There are the dear friends who must never meet. And there are the new friends you would like to invite if only you could be sure they would mix happily with the others. Unless you call in Elsa Maxwell nobody will solve these fascinating problems for you, and indeed they add to the fun of giving a party. The same goes for planning a flower bed. A great deal of the pleasure is in choosing and placing each and every plant yourself.

Much as I enjoy laying down the law, therefore, I shall restrain myself now to boasting about my own favorite July border. You can take it from there. July and the later part of June are the height of the flower season, and, frankly, if you can't contrive to have your borders full of bloom now you might as well give up. There are other months when you may well ask what you should plant to keep your beds in flower, but in July it is simply a question of what the French call so succinctly "embarrassment of choice."

For my most successful July border, I rely on roses and delphiniums. These are the permanent backbone of the bed, much as a few pieces of furniture are the starting point in furnishing a room. The other plants I move about and change as each new idea strikes me, just as I would like to change my

curtains and knickknacks if I could afford it. One year I dig in lily bulbs feverishly. Another year I plant early phlox. And the border edging changes far more frequently than my hats. Although, loosely speaking, this border is a perennial bed, there is nothing very set or rigid about it, and it gives me a great deal of scope and infinite pleasure.

The charm of this rose-delphinium plan (or lack of plan) for July is that, no matter how much I chop and change, I am sure of a spectacular show in the height of the season and a lesser, but wonderfully welcome, display again in September. Then, too, it is an idea that can be used either in a long border or in a small flower bed, because it depends for its effect simply on the contrast in color and form between the tall spikes of the delphiniums and the short, soft clusters of the roses. I read the other day that there are at least 5,800 varieties of roses so, although there are only a few dozen varieties of delphiniums, there is no real danger of monotony!

How to set out this backbone planting is a nice question. I have no doubt that a solid hedge of roses backed by tall delphiniums in serried ranks would be stunning, and yet I haven't tried it. I set my delphiniums in clumps of three or five plants, sometimes all of one color, sometimes two deep-blue and a white, or three pale-blue and two deep-purple. In front of them I put my roses—in such dramatic

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contrasts as the coral shade of Fashion, the glorious red of Independence, or the gay yellows and reds of Circus. And here I think three or more bushes of one color together are more striking than a mixture.

There are two vital points on which I would like to lay down the law. If you are up-to-date on roses you will have guessed one of them, perhaps both. I consider the best roses for this plan the floribundas, because they settle in with other plants better than hybrid teas, for instance, and because their low, bushy growth fits so perfectly their central position in the bed. (All the varieties mentioned above are floribundas.) The other "must" is that both roses and delphiniums need space to breathe: they should be planted at least eighteen inches from their own kind and the roses two feet away from the delphiniums.

And speaking of planting, I am a firm believer in moving delphiniums in the fall. Each October I dig a hole, deep and wide, for each new plant and mix humus and bone meal with the soil as well as well-rotted manure, when I can get that precious stuff.

The delphiniums that make my July border a show bed (I warned you I would boast!) are the Giant Pacific Hybrids which come in a remarkable variety of color combinations and in the purest of blues, white, purple, and soft rose tones. The way to get the widest choice is to grow delphiniums from seed, but that is another, and a very long, story.

As to the roses, early spring planting is standard Canadian practice. However, you may find, as I do, that these lovely floribunda roses are all "bespoke" when you try to order them in the spring. If you stand a better chance of getting them in the fall, then fall planting will work just as well. It is just a bit more trouble. Roses planted in the fall need extra protection: a particularly generous covering of soil, or they can also be completely buried until spring and then dug up and planted in the border. Spring or fall, dig well for roses too, incorporating humus and fertilizer in the soil, and spread the roots comfortably with the union of the rootstock an inch or two below soil level. Before setting in rose bushes, prune off dead or broken branches and also cut away any damaged roots.

With care, delphiniums and roses last for years, and so it is around these solid pieces that I move the other "furniture," trying first one effect and then another. Very important to the over-all picture is

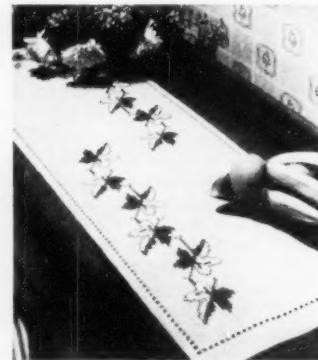
a low edging at the front of the bed. One of my favorites is annual candytuft, the large, white, hyacinth-flowered variety that looks so deliciously cool in the dog days. This blooms profusely in July but then it is finished, so I have experimented with a double edging of sweet alyssum (white) and the soft blue of ageratum or the deep blue of lobelia. Really, it is hard to decide between them for all these little flowers bloom right through the summer.

Just back of the low edging I like to set big clumps of pinks alternating perhaps with coral-bells (*Heuchera*) or Carpathian blue bells (*Campanula carpatica*). Of course, I keep them at a respectful distance from my roses. Between the groups of roses I have placed pure white or delicate pink cup-and-saucer Canterbury bells (*Campanula calycanthema*) with devastating effect. Another year I relied on sweet William (*Dianthus barbatus*) for contrast, using the solid-colored ones such as Newport Pink and Scarlet Beauty, depending on the color of my roses. Again it is hard to choose between these centre-of-the-bed, old-fashioned flowers but as they are both biennials I can change my mind from year to year as suits my purse or my luck with biennial seed raising.

The lilies I planted in my July border (staggered along a line back of the roses but not directly behind each group) were the sweet Madonna lilies and the regal lilies and they looked heavenly. Not to put too fine a point upon it, the whole bed is glorious in July! But, since the roses bloom on all summer long, I am planning to replace some of those biennials this year with clumps of phlox to bear the roses company through August. For by keeping the pinks and the coral-bells carefully picked and by shearing off the Carpathian blue bells ruthlessly after they finish blooming, I can maintain a modest show of flowers in that border until the delphiniums send up their second, less spectacular spikes in September and once again I have roses and delphiniums to pick for the house.

There is no use my pretending that there are not fine July borders which are far easier to grow and maintain than mine, but I can assure you that there is never a dull moment with my July assortment. When I am not snipping, weeding, watering, or staking, I am spraying—and one good rose spray seems to keep the whole bed pest-free—and when I am not spraying I am showing admiring visitors around the garden and it's useless to pretend I don't like that! ♦

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Help him to a good pair of feet

You can't begin too early to check bad habits, correct deformities and fit your child with good shoes

BY ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, MD, DIRECTOR CHILD HEALTH CLINIC

NINETY PERCENT of an adult's foot is bone, but only fifty percent of a baby's is. In fact a number of the twenty-six "bones" in your baby's foot are not bone at all, but rubbery cartilage. Consequently, a young child's feet can be pushed out of their proper shape relatively easily by improper shoes or by poor ways of using the feet. More cheerfully, a young foot that is not a good shape can be encouraged to develop along good lines by the use of suitable shoes, lifts, pads and sometimes exercises.

During their first year, a great many babies have large pads of fat under the soles of their feet so that you can't see any arch there at all. Babies and young children never complain of their feet, so that is no help to you in discovering possible trouble.

Quite a few children are born with weak feet, and you would be wise to observe your baby closely when he begins to walk and stand. (He will do this when he is ready and you don't need to encourage him in this. At first he walks with feet wide apart, to steady himself, but as he gets more proficient he'll place his feet closer together.)

Correcting flat feet

You may notice when he stands that his whole foot comes down flat on the floor, and his ankle turns or rolls in and so is more prominent than usual. However, when his foot hangs free, he has a perfectly good arch along the inner side of each foot. Such youngsters are said to have lax or hypermobile flat feet. In fact, all their ligaments are lax—in other words they are double-jointed.

Your physician or even an orthopedic surgeon can't cure this type of flat feet, but he can have wedges put in the inner sides of the baby's boots to give the feet some support, and to prevent them from becoming worse owing to later changes in the bones. With older children a small pad is often put inside the shoe as well. Most of these youngsters develop feet that serve them without discomfort throughout life. A very small percent may need an operation much later on because of pain in their feet.

A few youngsters have tight heel cords and they can only get their heels down to the floor by toeing out. This throws their weight on the inner side of the foot, which is the weaker, and encourages the development of a flat foot. When a baby sleeps on his face, his feet are turned out and the orthopedic surgeons agree that this is bad for the feet. So you would be wise to discourage this habit, especially after one year of age. A few babies like to sleep on their faces with their knees under them and this too puts their feet in a poor position.

Many small children sit on their haunches with their feet at their sides behind them—a most uncomfortable-looking position. This twists their shin bones and keeps their feet turned out, and the surgeons strongly disapprove of this too. So you would be wise to sit beside your baby on the floor often, with your feet out in front, and in time he will probably imitate you.

Kiddie cars and walkers also are frowned upon by the foot experts as the child has to push them with the



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inside of his foot. Various simple exercises are sometimes prescribed for children with flat feet or tight heel cords.

Club feet . . . bunions

Occasionally a baby is born with club feet. In other words, his feet are turned in and down. The orthopedic surgeons can straighten such feet, almost always without an operation. The best time to start, they say, is the day the baby is born as this makes correction much easier. There are also less-marked degrees

of deformity, in which only the front part of the foot is involved, and here again very early treatment is advocated.

Quite a few children inherit a rather primitive type of foot in which there is a wider space than normal between the big toe and the next one to it, and between the long foot bone, or metatarsal, of the big toe and the next one. The big toe is more like a thumb than it ought to be. Naturally the front of such a foot is wider than usual. This type of foot runs in families. If yours is one of these,

you should look for it in your children and see that they always have shoes that are wide and long enough.

If their shoes are too narrow, their big toes are bent outward where there is this unusual space. The pressure of the narrow shoe on the metatarsal bone, just behind the big-toe joint, irritates it and it produces some extra bone. Often every new pair of shoes presses on this prominent bone for some days or weeks until they have stretched enough to accommodate it. These extra lumps of bone are

commonly called bunions. They certainly make it more difficult to buy comfortable shoes in adult life, but they usually cause little interference with walking.

A baby doesn't need any boots until he stands or walks unless you want him to wear them for warmth. They should certainly be loose and soft so that he can wiggle his toes at will.

Beware the orthopedic shoe

When he stands, he is ready for boots with firm but flexible soles. They should be half an inch longer and a quarter of an inch wider than his feet so that there is plenty of room for all his toes to lie in their natural positions. There should be firm counters or stiffeners in the uppers at the heel. In the good brands of baby's boots there are many different widths so that you can get a proper fit. Babies' feet grow quickly and he will likely outgrow his first few pairs before he wears them out. When you feel his toes close to the end of his boot, or if his feet are squeezed out of shape when you take them off, he needs a new pair.

The orthopedic surgeons warn us against buying the so-called orthopedic shoes. These shoes are harmful to normal feet, to club feet and to those with what you might call clubbing of the front of the feet. The only feet they are suitable for are flat feet. Unless your physician or surgeon tells you to buy them, don't, no matter what your shoe salesman says. In the past, many mothers have bought them because they were more expensive and therefore presumably better. Except with flat feet, this is not so.

An experienced salesman can tell if a shoe is the correct size for a child without using an X-ray machine. If a child's feet are exposed to too much of such radiation the growing parts of his foot bones may be damaged. Until the toddler learns not to pull off low shoes, you just have to have him wear boots. Leather is the best material for both boots and shoes as the moisture from the feet can escape through it.

Babies' and young children's feet can also be damaged by the frequent wearing of too tight socks or stockings. Much too large socks doubled up in front of the toes are also poor as they have the same effect as shoes that are too short.

Teen-age feet

Growing feet are not completely developed until well into the teens. Thus girls up to this age should wear reasonably wide-toed shoes with moderate heels most of the time. Reserve higher heels for special occasions only. Women have far more foot trouble than men, although as far as we know both start off equal. Most boys exercise considerably more than girls and that may promote their better foot development. However, the main cause of women's foot trouble is the wearing of narrow, pointed, very high-heeled shoes. It is wise to keep your daughters sensibly shod as long as you can.

If you notice that your child is either bowlegged or knock-kneed, tell your doctor about it. Both conditions often disappear without treatment, but you will feel more comfortable if their progress is being checked by a physician. If you notice any difference between your youngster's two legs or if he limps or complains of pain which is not related to a minor injury or does not clear up in two or three days, you would be wise to report that too. Most of these conditions do much better with prompt treatment. ♦



Growing up is such a serious business

What a wide, wide wonderful world. Everywhere this pensive little lady turns, something new and strange appears. But already many things are familiar—the cuddly teddy bear, the bright noisy rattle. And because her mother is a modern mother with old-fashioned concern for nourishment and feeding, one of the most familiar things in this baby's world is the famous Heinz Baby

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FEAR CAN MAKE OR BREAK YOUR MARRIAGE

Continued from page 9

"love." But I'm convinced it exists, just as I know fear exists, and fear perhaps is easier to pin down.

To the small child all experiences are new and potentially frightening. Each sound and sight and smell carries the alien scent of the unfamiliar and perhaps even of menace. That is why a baby needs the constant reassurance of a mother's (and a father's) arms, as Dr. Alastair MacLeod told us in his article in these pages last month (*The Babies Who Want to Die*).

But it is not our task to try to train children to be fearless. That would be impossible, unless of course they are going to go through life without ever getting into an unfamiliar situation. We must show them with our help that fear is going to be there again and again, but that it can be met with intelligence, candor and understanding. In every situation, no matter how strange or terrifying, there is always some one thing that is familiar even if it is only yourself. As children grow they develop skill in meeting new problems. They achieve at last, if they are growing well, courage.

Many children are afraid of thunder. Some adults are too. Now, you can't get away from thunder; you can't protect your child from it no matter how much you may want to. But you can say, "Let's sit here together and listen to the thunder. It is a little frightening, isn't it? But thrilling, too. But, it's a very real thing, this thunder, part of life. You're going to have thunder of all kinds in your life as you grow older. I know I have. And it's not dangerous, really."

Of course, there are some fears that are legitimate and proper, and a child should be taught to respect them. They should be taught to be afraid of fire and of traffic when they're too young to handle these elements safely. They should not be allowed to develop a fear, as some children have, for policemen, their teachers or their parents.

Some parents unfortunately use fear as a device to ensure their authority and use it even as a weapon to punish their children. Where this happens you have children entering young adulthood with a sorry collection of false, but at the same time terribly real, fears which are going to plague them all their lives. They should be capable of looking life straight in the eye, prepared to accept the responsibility for their actions in any given emergency.

If I were to define courage I would say that it is a quality which enables a person who knows fear, but also knows what has to be done, to go ahead and do it and stand behind his actions. A little Rover-boyish? Perhaps, but it is a great deal more realistic and workable, I think, than the creed of a generation or so ago which told our young people, particularly our young men, that courage was something you were born with. We said that it was not only immoral but downright unnatural ever to be afraid.

Let us assume now that our young man or woman has had a sensible, enlightened home training in this matter of coping with fear, and he is out in the world on what we call "his own." Except no one is ever really on his own.

Living may be a private, often lonely experience, but none of us is self-sufficient. Our young man (or young woman) is going to find out when he is afraid—and afraid he is going to be, just as he was the night the thunder rocked the eaves and he ran crying to his mother.

But if men and women are truly mature they will no longer go back to mother, or father, for the support they are going to need. The place they can and should find it now is with their equals, their husbands and their wives. And the skill and success with which you fulfill this function one for the other is going to have a great deal to do with the success of your marriage. In fact, this whole complex interdependence and understanding, which is as much an art as a skill, carries somewhere near its core the essence of the mystery, the magic and the beauty of a good marriage. Now you may see why I have been reluctant to try to define love.

If you are married you have been acting in this complicated capacity, as counselor, confidant and lover. Whether you have been doing it well or badly, you may want to check some of the conclusions I have reached after observing thousands of marriages, most of them, because of the nature of my work, marriages in trouble. And if you are not yet married you may welcome the comments of someone who has tried to cope, as a husband and father as well as a doctor, with the fears that bedevil all marriages.

Let us begin with what you must *not* do. You must never mock your husband when he comes to you with his fears, no matter how foolish they may seem to you. Remember his very act of confiding in you is an act of great faith and trust. He is in an unfamiliar situation and he is worried. Let him talk. Don't offer advice unless you know something about the problem. The chances are he doesn't expect advice because the problem may be so technical that it would take a highly trained person, and he probably knows plenty of them besides himself, to comment intelligently upon it.

Let me give you three instances from my experience where, I think, the wives acted wisely and well.

Item: The husband had a position of great responsibility in a big corporation and he hadn't held it long. He had sprung quickly to the top of his group in a furious postwar expansion. Now, shortly after becoming boss, he was faced with a decision involving a further large expansion and millions of dollars. He was on the spot; his decision was the one everyone was waiting to hear. He was frightened.

His wife listened as he talked. His nerve was slipping, he felt. This plan of his was loaded with danger, and if it failed he would be disgraced, finished. Now, his wife didn't know a debenture from a doily but she listened attentively, and then when she felt it was her time to speak she talked about his first job when he had been given a new territory as a salesman. The territory was big and new and rough as any jungle. And what had he done? He had walked into it and brought 'em back alive. Wasn't he the same kind of businessman now only wiser, smarter?

They talked for a while and the fear shrank to the size of the olive pits in the Martinis they were drinking. Maybe the big deal did not represent theulti-

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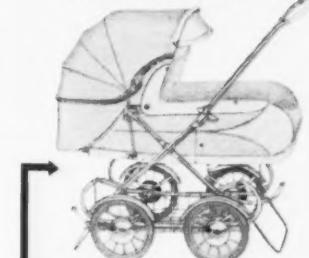
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Ridiculous or not, his fear is real

mate in human happiness for both of them after all, but that's another subject. What is important here, I think, is that there was the faith, the open line of communication, that permitted a badly frightened man to talk about his fears and with his wife's help push them back.

Item: This man had made a bad guess in business and as a result he had lost his firm a great deal of money, so much that his job, a good one, was in jeopardy. After years of earning a good salary, with a position of importance in the business world to go with it, he was faced with a long hard fall and he was afraid. He too told his wife of his fears.

Her job obviously was more delicate than that of the woman above. This man had acted stupidly. There wasn't much point in trying to tell him he hadn't for they both knew, as did everyone else. She could have scolded him and asked in an agonized voice, "What on earth made you do it?" The answer to this one wouldn't have been very helpful because it was improbable that he had done it purposely.

Whether or not the idea of berating him occurred to her I don't know. I do know she talked to him about the bright spots in the situation. It took twenty-twenty vision to pick them out but they were there. He was still her man even though he had made a mess of things; and after all there were worse things than failing in business despite the emphasis society puts on such success. They agreed no one could shoot him for what he had done. He was still a decent, honorable man, and she thought he still had the good stuff that had taken him to the top once before. As a result of that talk he did walk back, slowly, from this crash.

You may say her advice was pretty Pollyannish and incapable of reassuring anyone but a child of eleven or possibly ten who had failed in geography. But it was what her husband needed, and he got it from the one person in the world who could take the chill off the fear that has driven more than one man to take desperate action, even his own life.

Item: This woman's husband was afraid to meet new people, and these people were extremely new, extremely important to him professionally and consequently all the more formidable. He tried to brazen out the appearance he must make, but as the hour drew near a ghastly cold sweat broke on his forehead and he seriously considered reporting sick or even leaving town until this social event had blown over. This of course was ridiculous fear in a grown man, but ridiculous or not the fear was large and real.

He too confided in his wife. She could have confirmed the foolishness of his anxiety and told him to get a grip on his emotions. He had tried that and it hadn't worked. She treated the whole matter with the gravity and the seriousness it deserved. "We'll do this together," she said, and all through that trying night she was never far from his side.

Some of these examples may sound trivial but I say again that I believe it is these fears that menace marriage most. Where there is a serious operation to be faced, or death itself, whatever greatness of heart we have seems to answer the summons almost unbidden, and we all

know of examples of great heroism under such circumstances. It is in the area of "quiet desperation" that the campaigns, if not the great battles, of life are fought.

Why don't more husbands and wives have this oneness that will permit them to come to each other in fear as well as in joy and in passion? Sometimes a man refuses to share his fears because he is afraid of being laughed at. The overblown and somewhat phony picture of male superiority we have given our young men as a road map to life is partly responsible for this. This is, I suppose, a fear of fear itself.

I have had many men come to me and tell me their fears about their failing sexual powers, when they reach a certain age, when they should be sharing this anxiety with their wives who, if they are wise and understanding, can help. One of the commonest reasons for failure in this important function of communication in marriage is the fear of a quarrel. If you read my earlier article in Chatelaine (Why You Should Never Quarrel with Your Husband, November) you will know that I don't believe husbands and wives should ever quarrel. Here are two instances where this fear placed an intolerable strain on two marriages.

Item: This incident took place in the thirties in the home of one of two couples who saw each other frequently. Both men on checking with each other a day or two earlier had discovered that they had both received pay cuts, which were being handed out in those days like bonuses are now. One man had told his wife and they had talked it over, a little gloomily no doubt, and they had figured out a way they could manage on the reduced scale. In fact by the time the foursome got together they had reached the point where they could make a wry joke about the pay cut and made a careless jocular reference to their friends about being in the same boat.

To their horror they discovered immediately that the other man had not told his wife. He had been afraid to tell her because he knew it would cause a scene. He had been hoping to cover the reduction by extra work or some other means. The scene that did follow was not only embarrassing but almost murderous in its intensity.

I know, I've asked myself the same question a thousand times in my practice —why did he marry her? If we knew the answer to that one psychiatry would be a great deal more precise science than it is today. But this unhappy incident does serve to illustrate, perhaps, how the failure to share a fear can add to an already unhappy situation.

Item: The wife was left a bequest which gave her an income of a hundred and fifty dollars a month. Her husband gives her a hundred and fifty from his pay for housekeeping expenses. In the ten years they have been married they have never discussed money, much less her hundred and fifty dollars. She buys clothes with it, and he is afraid to ask her for fear she will get angry about the arrangement and they will have a scene.

The money he gives her is not, and has not been, enough to run the house for some years now because they have a fairly large family. But she has never mentioned the matter to her husband be-

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cause she is afraid they will have a fight; so she has been putting her own money, year after year, into the payment of running expenses. I agree this sounds odd, almost grotesque, but believe me it is not unusual. Fear has drawn crazier patterns than this on the fences that separate husbands and wives.

What can you do when you discover that you have married someone who is full of fear? How can you help him, or her?

First, you must convince him through thoughtful and genuine acts of faith that he can place complete trust in you. He must be made to feel that whatever fears he confides will not be mocked or treated lightly. He must feel the revelation of the fears will not cost him your respect. He must be made to feel that if he makes a mistake or does something foolish he can talk about it without facing the subtle and terrible punishment of fear itself. I think the unhappiest marriages I have seen have been those where one or the other holds the threat of withdrawal of affection over the other to get him to do what he wants.

And how about those marriages in which one or the other is, because of some emotional quirk or downright stupidity, an unfit confidant? (I still wonder why she married him.) Is it wise to go outside the marriage and seek a friend to whom you can reveal your fears?

I've seen this work with apparent success. I know of one marriage where the girl is an immature, almost childlike creature. Her husband has a close, lifetime male friend to whom he talks when he is worried. As I say this could work but it is unlikely and could be unhealthy, for there is a danger of that friendship, with its continual exchange of secrets, becoming homosexual whether the friends realize it or not. But even if that doesn't happen, something important that should be in the marriage is not there.

We've been talking up until now about married people. What does a single girl do when plagued by some real or nameless terror? The answer to her problem lies in a discreet and understanding friend who, like the other partner in a marriage, will not judge or censure.

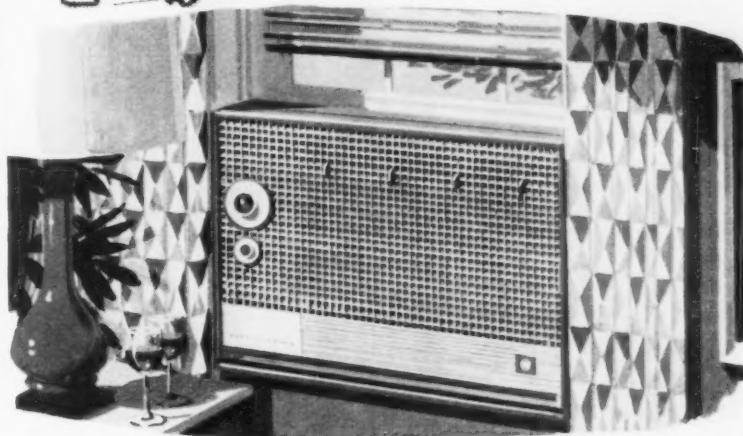
Whoever we are and whatever our marital status we all need someone to help us slay these bogeys. I've talked mostly about what they can do to the structure of a marriage or the mental health of a person. We know, too, that fear can cause actual ill health through psychosomatic pressure. The mysterious "sick headaches" a woman has might be traced to the fact she has spent a good part of her housekeeping on something her husband is going to get angry about and she is afraid to tell him.

There are no better weapons against fear than those we find in a happy marriage. And the way this works is not at all scientific or mysterious, really. You discover this truth by practicing it and making the comfortable trite discovery that when you share your fears with someone you trust things are never—well, almost never—as bad as they seem. ♦

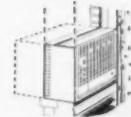
Dr. Blatz's next article in this series on Marriage in Canada will deal with the Family Council, how to set one up in your own home and how to make it work. This article, which will appear in an early issue, will be the last in the series for which book publication has been planned at a later date.



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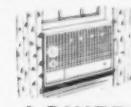


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*The game seemed real now;
she lay so still and white.*

CHATELAINE BONUS FICTION
THREE STORIES COMPLETE IN THIS SECTION

*Into our innocent world she brought excitement
and a strange, sweet secrecy. Yet from the first, I sensed
the peril surrounding her*

THE DANGEROUS ONE

IN THE schoolyard, under the sunny wall, we were skipping, and drifts of gold leaves lay around us, gold and dark leaves spun down from the trees in a rich season. The air was soft and full of the faint sweet taste of decay that is found in a bruised apple, and we were skipping and singing:

*On the mountain stands a lady,
Who she is I do not know—
All she wears is gold and silver
All she needs is a new pair of shoes.*

And:

*Vote, vote, vote for dear old Bonny,
Who's that knocking at the door?*

Then my cousin Donna came across the schoolyard, wearing a dark-green coat fitted tightly around the waist and flared like a dancing skirt above the knees. We stopped skipping.

"Who's that?"

"My cousin," I said. "She's going to live at my grandma's place. She came from Hamilton." But I did not know her, any more than the others did. There had been no talk in my family about her coming, and that was odd. Ordinarily the comings and goings of any of the family's members were woven about with talk, before and after, and the talk was like a formal part song in which could be heard the voices of speculation, foreboding and resignation. Things were not let go by without being elaborated on, and how should they be, since we were mostly uneasy and reticent people who lived in our own family, our own house of blood.

Donna's head was close-cropped, dark and curly, and she held it a little to one side. She had the look of some little girl you had seen in a movie of which you could not remember the name. Maybe it was the balance and definiteness of her

pose, or a brittle delicacy of curls and smiles and small movements that is not seen in ordinary little girls. She came stepping across the schoolyard, picking her way around puddles and over the stones, not aware of us you would think, but only aware of herself, engrossed as are fashionable women who know their own mechanism down to such a fine point they seem to measure the turning of every little wheel in it, so that the chin does this and the feet do this and there is a nice synchronization. But with all that there can't be time to look outside.

And Donna made on her desk a lavish arrangement of rulers, pencils and rubbers, which seemed more elegant than anyone else's. She had a blotter with a picture of the Mountain Sanatorium on it. It looked like a palace or a parliament building. Also, when she was finished washing her hands and wiping them on the harsh paper towels in the washroom, she would blow lightly on the tips of her fingers to dry them.

There is a special danger if you come into a new place, a new school, expecting some kind of homage. These gestures of hers had to have a fine finish on them. A little wavering of self-consciousness, a little overemphasis, would have started us all laughing. But Donna carried it off. We came around her, a circle of ten-year-olds with blunt bobbed hair and thick waists pushing out our pleated skirts, with faces that were a muddle of possibilities and casual forecasts—while she was all so fine, so extraordinarily complete.

We let our skipping ropes down more and more often, listening to what Donna might be saying.

"My mother was only twenty-nine,"

Donna said. "Her hair went white when she was twenty-five. She only weighed ninety-four pounds when she died. TB," Donna said. She began to hum softly and watched obliquely, with her dark glinting eyes, to see if she made any effect. I said, "That was my Aunt Stella. I knew she died. Grandma went to Hamilton." I had a wish to establish my intimacy with Donna.

"Donna said, "If my father died too, I would be an orphan."

"Does your father live in Hamilton?" somebody said.

And Donna said immediately, as if this had been rehearsed, "No. He travels."

"Where?"

"All over. The States."

Somebody else said, "My father travels too. He sells things to drugstores. Hot-water bottles."

"My father sells ladies' things," Donna said.

"What?"

"Evening dresses. Shoes. Necklaces."

"Real jewels," I affirmed, emphasizing my position. Donna gave me a close look.

"Does he go to Portugal?"

We had taken in school about Prince Henry the Navigator and Vasco da Gama.

"Is that in the States?" said Donna.

Nobody laughed, but there was a clear pause.

" Didn't you ever take about Portugal in Social Studies?"

"No," said Donna. "I was out of school an awful long time. I had pyelitis."

She was safe again. Nobody had any information on pyelitis. Then Donna took out a snapshot of a dark young man

of about twenty-six. She held it in her hand so everybody could see. She said it was her boy friend.

"Just kidding?" we said and she said no, her boy friend. Some time later I got a good look at this snapshot. On the back of it was written, "Best wishes, Dr. Coutes."

Donna started new things to play, concerts and funerals. She liked me, since I had said real jewels, and made me a sort of organizer-manager and second-in-command. For instance, when we had a concert I had to announce all the numbers, bravura-style, with a great piling on of adjectives like sensational, gorgeous, world-famous, dazzling. Donna took concerts very seriously and refused to speak to anyone who giggled.

She sang in a thin, sweet, imploring voice, "I'm gonna buy a paper doll that I can call my own," and "My Blue Heaven." She did a tap dance to East Side, West Side, singing to accompany herself. She had a dancing costume, but Grandma would not let her bring it to school. So she described to us all the dancing costumes she had ever had: tartans for the Highland fling, Spanish skirt and castanets, pink silk tights.

But the funerals were more successful than the concerts, appealing to everybody, not just to singers and dancers and itching show-offs, because everybody got a chance to be the corpse, and that is something anybody can do with dignity and satisfaction.

We had a mound of leaves heaped up under the steps, and we covered it with coats, silky linings turned up, pinks and greys and amber-browns. Mourners were lined up outside, in order of age, except that two best friends and any relatives could stand at the head of the

BY ALICE MUNRO

Illustrated by Mary Woods

line. We sang soft hymns and gave prayers as we wound past this rich bed, where maple boughs were set up in rough arches. On the dress, on the hair of the deceased were scattered autumn flowers. We had no flowers in the schoolyard, and at first we had just reached over the fence for goldenrod. But then we began to bring flowers from our gardens at home, chrysanthemums, late petunias, dahlias fierce and splendid as a child's spiked suns. We hid them under the steps and had them pretty fresh for the first recess.

When Donna's funeral came there was great tension and solemnity. She made a wreath of small yellow mums for her own head, ordered the placing of the red-maple branches, chose her special mourners, lay down and composed herself, last of all arranging a huge dahlia, red as blood, on her white blouse. When we went past, her face looked frozen-white, her eyelashes were still as delicate carving, her lips without a tremor or were drawn in a very cold, slight smile.

We moved as usual in procession, but our singing faltered. We whispered, "Isn't she white?" Our hearts fell, not comprehending. Why must it be this real? Not for the first time we felt with Donna that her play was not the same as ours, not the ordinary counterfeit. What she meant by these games was something else. We backed off now. If what she wanted in this funeral-play was a real invocation of death, we were not going to stay with her.

"Donna!" I said. "It's over. Bell's going to go."

Donna did not move.

"Donna, get up. It's over. Everybody's been past. We gotta take the coats in, Donna."

"What's the matter with her? She looks sick, doesn't she?"

"Donna! Get up! Stop fooling, the bell's going to go!"

"I don't want to play funerals any more."

"I don't either."

"Donna!"

"Donna!"

"Donna!"

She was not stirring, lying just slightly smiling with her ankles crossed. Then in a rough upsurge of fear we closed around the bed, seized the coats under her and pulled them out, tossing her light body from side to side, flinging off her flowers. She tumbled down in the leaves and lay still, and somebody screamed, "Get water, get a pail of water . . ."

But a door opened above us. Firm, flat steps crossed the landing. A face peered over the railing. It was the face of our teacher, Miss Gilmar, a sanguine, solid face surrounded by fussy chestnut curls like the rim of a fur parka. "What seems to be the trouble down there?"

Miss Gilmar was a tall, robust young woman. She wore plaid skirts and matronly blouses or thick, rippling, creamy silk, and she smelled of lotions and mouthwash and talc and cologne. She passed down the aisles on a tide of cosmetic freshness and cool, implacable, silky-rippling scorn.

One of the little girls cried, "Donna's dead."

"She's playing dead," somebody else said. "She won't get up."

"Play-ing de-ad!" said Miss Gilmar with richest contempt. She leaned over till she could see the tumbled leaves and

Donna lying among them. But at this moment Donna stretched herself slowly, as if awakening, and sat up.

"What are you doing there?" Miss Gilmar said, but Donna sat prettily on the leaves as if she did not hear. "What are you doing?" Miss Gilmar flashed her handsome dark-rimmed glasses around at all of us.

We muttered, "Playing funerals."

"Playing what?"

"Funerals."

And then it all came out, from the little ones.

"Donna was dead."

"The leaves are for the casket. With coats on."

"Yesterday Bonny was."

"We go past and all sing . . ."

And after school Miss Gilmar came around to my grandmother's house. She



sat on a doily armchair in the parlor, a dim, uncomfortable place on a weekday. Donna and I were upstairs in the guest room, crouched over a stovepipe hole.

Miss Gilmar said, "We never had any games of this kind before she came. So you see."

"I'll speak to her," said Grandma, sitting very straight, as she did when she was agitated and could not say much.

"So unhealthy. It was a nice day. They could have been playing ball. The older girls got a new bat this year and they never even take it out any more. Playing funerals."

Grandma called up to us when Miss Gilmar had gone, after drinking tea. Grandma's voice was hoarse and strong, but trembling a little, even a little desperate, showing she was much upset. There was a strain of weakness, wildness, desperation, very near the surface in her, though she made such a show of dignity and strength.

My grandmother's name, her first name, was Lilla, and even at this time of her life she was a woman who suited that fine name very well. She was tall, rather heavy, with a little sag and softness of age in her flesh — but only enough, with the loose grey waves of her hair, to give her a rather superb look of bounty and ease. This in spite of corsets, tightly drawn mud-colored stockings, stiff armorlike suits and hats. Her skin was brown from the summer in the garden, roughened a little and sprinkled with freckles and some innocent moles, but warm, and a wonderful warmth and smell of soap and health cleaved up from the deep and decorous clef of her breasts.

She looked so proud when she went out, so secure and stately in her house. But she was not so, really. She was concerned about what people might think, and uneasy in her dealings with the world, as if in some way it always had to be compensated. She stood at the bottom of the stairs and waited till we were down. Then she said, "What have you been doing at school?" She

was trembling, in her voice and in the loose, soft crown of her hair.

"What have you been doing at school?"

It was Donna she spoke to, and Donna said, "Nothing."

I was surprised to hear Donna speak so sullenly, without gracefulness or aplomb. I had noticed before that she was different in Grandma's house. She seemed shadowy, not so perfectly herself.

"You've been making up funerals," Grandma said. "Making up you're dead. Have you no decency?" she said.

"We were only playing," I said.

"I don't call that playing," said Grandma, still looking at Donna. "You were the one behind it," she said.

Donna said nothing, and looked up with eyes more wide open than usual, angry and helpless.

"And your own mother," said Grandma, in a lower voice. I felt some threat to Donna, a strange, deep coldness and mistrust. A danger surrounded her. Grandma looked at her as I had not seen her look at anyone else, making some fatal prediction. But then Grandma's face changed, took on the stern, calm look she had when she reproved other children. "Don't do it any more. Will you promise?"

"Yes," we said.

"Try to do as you're told," said Grandma, "and remember I will always try to be fair." This puzzled me, as something that hardly needed to be said.

A couple of weeks later Donna stayed home from school. That was on a Friday. On Saturday too she stayed in bed. She said she had pains in her back and thought she must be getting another attack of pyelitis. The doctor came over and said she was all right as long as she had no temperature, and could get up if she liked. But Donna said she thought she had better stay in bed a little while longer. Grandma let her, and even brought up her meals, trying to be fair.

ON SATURDAY afternoon I went over to Grandma's house. Now it was the cold, late time of fall, with the trees almost bare and a few bronze, papery leaves rustling along, turnips piled at the cellar doors, ridges of earth hard as stone in gardens. Time for unpacking woolens, quilts and comforters, getting in wood. Nobody wanted much to play outside.

I went up to Donna's room and she was sitting up, drawing on a big sheet of writing paper. Drawing was something she was good at. Other things at school, things in books, did not interest her.

"What are you drawing?" I said, and she showed me. There were ladies' dresses, and dancing outfits. She had a box of crayons too and had colored some of the things, very lightly and skillfully, making even and delicate pastels.

"Are those like what your father sells?" I said.

"He doesn't sell things," Donna said. "You didn't think he really did, did you?"

No, it seemed to me now that I had never really thought so, though I had never asked about it or wondered much.

Donna was being very distant today. "My father is in Hollywood," she said. "Don't tell anyone. Anyone."

"I won't," I said.

"Some day I'll tell you his name," she said. "He's very well known. I can't

tell you yet because you might tell somebody."

"I won't tell!"

"You might not mean to but it might just come out. I'll tell you later."

"Tell me now."

"I can't," said Donna, choosing a red crayon. "Anyway he and my mother were divorced. Ages ago. So it doesn't matter." She began her light, careful coloring, and after a moment she said —her voice was so mild today, and yet reckless—"If you tell anybody what I told you I'll hate you the rest of my life."

In a little while I went downstairs. Grandma was dusting in the front room. She had a white cap over her hair. A saucepan with a little cedar oil in it was beside her, and a pile of soft rags. She was getting the front room ready for Sunday, dusting photographs and the heavy, curling legs of the golden-oak table, pushing in, patting the soft leather-bound Longfellow and Tennyson, polishing up the bronze book ends and the creamy Indian elephant on the mantel of the imitation fireplace. I sat down on the footstool and she said, "There's the plants to water."

"Is Boris Karloff Donna's father?" I said. I had decided that if he were, she might not want to tell.

"What?" Grandma straightened up, breathing heavily, a quick, watchful light in her eye.

"Is her father Boris Karloff?" I said softly.

"Who is he?"

"He's in the movies."

"No. Her father's not in the movies, not that I ever heard of."

"She said he was in the movies," I said, rather put out. "Does he travel?"

"No. He doesn't do any traveling either," said Grandma. She sat down on the chair opposite me with her dust rag across her knee. "Your mother hasn't spoken to you?" she said. I shook my head, rather sorry now that I had got into something stern and serious, and my grandmother said, "He's in the pen."

"Pen?" I said.

"Penitentiary," said Grandma, in a voice which had a touch of the cold stone. "You know what that is, don't you?"

"Yes," I said.

"This is not to go any further," Grandma said. "You promise me that?"

"Yes," I said, rather downcast. For the second time in an afternoon someone had borne down on me with an unasked-for secret, and peremptorily bound me. "What did he do?" I said.

"He stole. Forged cheques. Broke into houses. What he was sent to the penitentiary for was robbing a gas station." Grandma took her dust cap off, and felt distractedly at her hair. "Stella knew," she said. "She knew. He never was anything else but a bad egg. Well. She would marry him." Her face looked dim and old. It seemed as if a very sudden, cruel erosion had taken place in it, leaving long bitter depressions in the cheeks.

I was uncomfortable, a little scared, and wanting to look somewhere else. I looked up at Aunt Stella's picture, a small, pale photo in a silver frame on a corner of the mantel. She did not look romantic or pretty. Her face was small, mournful, birdlike, perched on a long neck with a string of pearls at the base. She had a cap of black hair. She was only a high-school girl when this picture was taken but she looked older. In the family it was occasionally remembered

how sharp and witty she was in talk, and her face had the look of strain and sunken tiredness which sometimes shows in the faces of witty people when they are quiet.

"Well. That's supposed to be love," said Grandma, pronouncing a word that was not often spoken in this town without irony and contempt, as a thing which could not seriously be related to the business of life as undertaken by people of sense and decency. But Grandma did not say it in quite this way, did not dismiss it quite so readily. Her way of saying it was bitter, yet slow, tormented, sad. There seemed to be a struggle going on in her mind which would never break on the surface in words, never resolve itself, never stop giving her pain. Here the terrible, alien, incomprehensible part of the world touched her, and she tried and pretended to deal with it in the cold simple way she had been taught, but that was not good enough.

"Years and years we didn't know where she was," Grandma said. "She went and worked in a place that made costumes for plays. But he'd always show up when he was out. She wouldn't come back and live here," she said. "Nor it wouldn't have done."

"Aunt Stella's hair went white, didn't it?" I said.

"No. Where did you get that? It was black. It was black when she was buried."

"Donna said it went white when she was twenty-five."

"Then Donna's telling lies," said Grandma, getting up, picking up her cleaning things. She did not sound surprised, but final, as before. "I would never depend on her," she said, and looked at me as if she expected me to understand something more.

Grandma had to get dressed in her good suit and hat and go out to a meeting, one of her meetings at the church. She became more calm and steady as she prepared to go out because she was touching on other dimensions of her life. For under her whole life lay the dim, angular, Calvinistic structure of her faith, not altars, litanies, processions, but sermons and psalms, unaged, unlovely pews and pulpit of golden oak, predestination and the Foreign Missions. She had a large, level hat she wore, thrusting its blind formidable shape before her.

I went back to Donna's room. She was still coloring. Her room was over the kitchen so it was impossible that she could have heard anything. Grandma called good-bye to us and went out. We did not say anything for a while after she was gone, being still vaguely hostile. Then Donna suddenly threw the crayon and paper down on the bed and swung her legs to the floor.

"We're all by ourselves," she said. "We ought to play a game."

"What'll we play?"

"I don't know," said Donna. She was wearing faded-green pyjamas, very short in the legs.

"Let's go down to the pantry," I said, because that was what I did when left alone in a house.

Oatmeal cookies with date filling, a lemon pie (but uncut, intended for tomorrow, and so no good to us), a bit of rather dry chocolate cake baked a week ago, soft caramels in a paper bag inside the blue teapot in the china cabinet. We ate steadily, wandering through

the house, catching the crumbs in our hands.

I was very excited to think that Donna's father was in the penitentiary and Donna was here in my grandmother's house and I was playing with her. I remembered that when I was much younger I had made friends at school with a frail, fair little girl whose rather sweet and barbaric-sounding name was Alva-Marie Skin, and one day after school I had gone out to play at Alva-Marie's place without asking permission from my mother. Alva-Marie lived in one of the small, dark, wooden houses out on the highway. There seemed to be no front room to this place, only a big dark ramshackle kitchen full of clothes-steam, tubs and washing. Alva-Marie and I played out in the yard and my mother, who had been out to the country to buy eggs, drove by and saw us. She got out and took me off home, behaving calmly and pleasantly so that Alva-Marie waved good-bye, only a little bewildered. My mother did not punish me, but explained that I was never to go out there again. The reason was that Alva-Marie's father and her older brother were both in jail, and the whole family was bad. After this I used to look at the houses out on the highway, when we went past them, with a feeling of curious, half-fearful excitement, thinking of bad people, the darkness and insolence and mystery of their lives. And here was Donna. I had felt from the beginning that her identity was foreign and magical. We went upstairs, softly smiling, our mouths full of caramels and dates, looking for something evil to do.

In Grandma's room we found boxes of face powder, creams, lotions, bottles of pale pink and violet cologne, pretty perfumes that nieces, nephews, grandchildren had given her at Christmas time. There was even a pot of powder-rouge. I had not thought she used it. And a bottle of very light nail polish that had not been opened.

We dabbed our faces thickly with powder and rouge, rubbing some of the rouge on our lips in place of lipstick, and drawing a line through our eyebrows with a lead pencil. We took a little of all kinds of perfume and cologne, lotioned our hands, creamed our necks, wanted to put on nail polish but



were afraid it would not come off. We used Grandma's comb-and-brush set which had silver handles and had not likely ever been used before.

The mirror of the dresser was in three parts and the two outside parts were hinged so that they could be swung out to form right angles with the centre mirror. When you stood between

them you could see your face from many unaccustomed angles and by turning a certain way you could even see the back of your head. So we were very much occupied with ourselves for a while, adjusting the angle of chins and noses, raising our eyebrows and tilting our savagely colored faces, pulling our rose-powdered lips into rich thick smiles.

If I had been at this by myself I would probably have knocked something over or screwed tops on sloppily half-way, being all in a rush of excitement. But Donna was precise about putting tops on and setting things back in exactly the same place and catching tiny dribbles with a tissue. She set the tempo of our play, so that all this forbidden activity became deliberate, exquisitely bold and secret, full of a delicate spirit of malice. "There, Grandma's hand lotion," Donna said, when she set it down, and "There, Grandma's powder."

"Rachel," said I.

Then we went through the drawers, very cautiously, but there was nothing but great creamy piles of fresh underwear, knitting wool, hymnbooks, hair nets and dull photographs. We did find, at the bottom, some old petticoats, yellowish, with fine tucks and lace and very narrow buttoned waists. We put them on and did slow elegant dances in front of the mirror in our stocking feet. Then we put them back and looked over the room again.

On Grandma's dresser, on either side of the mirror, was a small china figure. One was a gentleman and one a lady, both old-fashioned and pale and pretty, like the costumes Donna colored. I knew Grandma thought these very beautiful, though I did not quite know why.

"Those little statue-things are very expensive," I said. "They cost about twenty dollars each."

"Where did she get them?" Donna said, touching the lady's bonnet.

"Somebody gave them to her. Aunt Gladys, I think." Aunt Gladys was the wife of Uncle Wesley, Grandma's oldest son, who was well off, having a lumber business in the city. "Do you like them?" I said.

"Yes," said Donna, and she picked them up, looked at them this way and that. "Let's take them," she said.

"Where?"

"Take them," she said.

Donna looked at me—flushed, maybe a little feverish, saucy and gay. "I think they're cute," she said. "I'm going to take them. Do you think I'm scared to?" She repeated more softly, "I'm going to take them on her!"

I stood uncertain, daunted, as in the schoolyard, by the turn the play had taken. Donna beside me, smiling, lost in her private areas of meaning.

"I don't think you better," I said.

"Do you think I'm scared to?"

"I don't think you better," I said, feeling very queer and uncomfortable, even a little afraid. "It's stealing," I said, and my whole face flushed up at this word.

"Just hide them," Donna said. "We'll put them back. We'll just take them for awhile. It isn't stealing," she said rather impatiently. "It's just playing," she whispered. "Please."

So we took them and hid them, finally, in the little under-drawer of Donna's crayon box. That was safer than her closet or her bureau, for Grandma often went through her clothes. Then we washed off our faces and wiped them on toilet paper and cleaned out the basin.



Donna got back into bed and I took Emily Climbs out of the hall bookcase and sat down on the top step to read it. I thought that there were so many things on Grandma's dresser that she probably would not notice. Anyway, it was only a joke. But I got hurriedly on with my reading, not letting my thoughts lift any more from the book.

Grandma came home late. It was almost dark, and I was still reading by daylight through the high hall window. She began to snap on the lights, scolding me. Her face was fresh from out of doors. She said I could stay for supper; she had told my mother who had been at the meeting. She planned to make corn fritters. It was getting cold out, very sharp. They had a talk on India. I heard her moving around her room, hanging up her suit jacket, putting her hat away in its box, sitting down to remove her good shoes. She asked what Donna and I had been doing and I said, "Nothing. Coloring and reading." I heard her pulling the skirt up over her head, having to struggle a little. Then there was the sound of unclasping her heavier corsets, and with this came the familiar, expansive sigh.

"Where's Donna?" she said.

"In bed. I think she's asleep."

"Did she get up at all?" said Grandma. Her voice had changed, grown cold and wary, colorless, heavy, with such strange weight of reservations.

"No . . ." I felt afraid, not really for myself, and not of anything I could name.

"You would—tell me—if Donna does anything you think she shouldn't—" Grandma said. She said this with some constraint, for she did not usually care for tattling. "You would, wouldn't you?" she charged me.

But I was up and running back to Donna's room where Donna lay, as I had said, asleep, on her side, with no flush, no sign of reckless necessity in her face any more. Yet she lay in danger, inhabiting a world of harder significance than mine, a world of final hostilities and loneliness. She was in danger for all of her life.

I ran to the crayon box, pulled out the drawer and took the little figures out. I carried them back to Grandma's room, one in each hand.

"Here's these," I said, opening my hands in front of her. My voice was high and painful and scared. "I took them. I took them off your dresser. I did it."

And Grandma was cold and cross, saying, "You had no business touching those—you know they're very valuable . . ." and setting them back with respect, in their permanent and special places. But she did not understand what frightened me when I cried, "I did it, it was me! Grandma, it was me."

"All right, all right," she said. "They're back now, you didn't break them. It's all right. That's the end of it."

But I did not know if it was. ♦

She wore a bonnet with bows and a feather that bobbed, and Robert McTavish lost his heart the moment he saw her . . . But wait, there is a villain in this story too



THE WOOING OF ALMINA SUSSANA

By Eve Lynne *Illustrated by Ken Dallison*

ROBERT MCTAVISH was an upright young man. He went to church on a Sunday morning wherever he happened to be whether he felt tired or not. Although he belonged to the Victorian era, its prudishness and sentimentality had little to do with a Canadian youth such as he, who rode in his saddle over the

countryside buying and selling horses at a tidy profit, saving his money to go west and seek his fortune. He wanted the good things in life and went after them.

One fine summer day in June of 1863 he sat back a stranger in a strange pew, looking about him hoping to find someone he knew amongst those who were

gathered together in their Sunday best. Instead he saw the prettiest girl he had ever seen wearing a bonnet with ribbons and bows on it and a feather that bobbed about when she tilted her head. Robert McTavish did not hear much of the sermon that day, he forgot the people or even that he was under a church steeple.

He could not, dared not, do more than follow her home at a distance. She lived in a big house behind a closed gate surrounded by a garden. Roses bloomed there in profusion, they tumbled over the trellises and clung to the stone walls that hid her from his sight.

So he spent the afternoon becoming

acquainted with the townspeople. To be sure, the shops were closed tight, but plank benches leaned against the post office and general store and the grocer's. Here in Sunday-afternoon contentment men liked to smoke their pipes and talk men talk while their womenfolk sauntered about chattering amongst themselves enjoying their leisure too. Strangers formed a welcome diversion, particularly a traveler bringing news from neighboring towns, skillfully spinning yarns like Robert McTavish. None seemed surprised to hear him praise the girl in the green bonnet with ribbons and bows on it as she strolled by.

"I would like to meet her," Robert McTavish said.

"She's the town belle and John Mutchmore's daughter," a wise old man cautioned him.

"I would like to meet her," he repeated, the set of his jaw more determined.

"Everybody meets everybody else at the church picnic on the twenty-seventh," another encouraged him.

"I'll be there," Robert McTavish said.

"We'll tell her you're coming," they joshed, smoking their pipes and smiling.

He had to be satisfied, he could ask no more, not even her name.

Two weeks passed by. Up and down the countryside he wandered, trading humor and shrewdness at an honest profit, his enthusiasm carrying him farther from the appointed time and place than better judgment should have allowed; but Robert McTavish wanted money as he had never wanted it before.

Time almost caught up with him. Under the hot sun he rode scarcely stopping to eat or ease his thirst, impatiently changing horses, forming careless bargains in his anxiety to be off. All day long he rode, and all that night, too, and on through the dawn into the early hours of another morning. That is how Robert McTavish raced against time in his saddle to meet his lady fair.

When he reached the town of his destiny, romance was in the air. Happily he watched the stableboy lead his horse away. Happily he paid the hotelkeeper, climbed the creaky steps to his room and flung himself on the bed for a short rest. In his happiness Robert McTavish forgot how tired he really was and young and healthy. Blissfully he slept dreaming of the prettiest girl he had ever seen wearing a bonnet with ribbons and bows on it and a feather that bobbed about when she tilted her head.

Underneath his window the townspeople passed by laden with picnic baskets, gay with the perfection of the day. She was there wearing a ribbon in her hair. They told her he was coming. The straightness of his shoulders, the pride in his walk, the admiring glances, the shy advances, she'd seen them all, her heart was humming.

They passed under his window, down the street, over the dusty road and into the nearby woods.

Robert McTavish slept on.

A creek fed by cool spring water ran alongside the picnic tables, trees shaded them, the grass was fresh and green. Boys and girls flirted. Children played. Fathers sat. Mothers spread food upon those tables—homemade bread and yellow butter, salads, sandwiches galore, cakes of every hue, doughnuts, flaky pastry, hot tea, cold tea and lemonade.

Robert McTavish slept on.

The food was gone, eaten and tucked neatly away. They sang their songs, said

their last farewells—then the day was done. By the light of the moon they sauntered home.

A rising night wind tugged at the curtains and Robert McTavish slept on.

ALAS! Only the stars were out when he awoke — stars amid darkness and despair. He was not happy any more, nor tired either. Now Robert McTavish felt how young he really was and healthy. Everything seemed to be a dream, a foolish wasted fancy, the bonnet with the bows and ribbons on it and the feather that bobbed about when she tilted her head were not meant for him. All that remained was the big house with the closed gate which would never open welcoming an adventurer westward bound.

Early that morning from a shop window she watched him going toward the stable, no longer looking about as if he were seeking someone. Quickly she cut across the yard and tossed her bonnet with the bows and feather on it into the breeze after him. The hat, the boy and the girl reached the stable door at the same moment. Underneath the battered sign CARRIAGES FOR HIRE they stood together.

There in broad daylight the stableboy formally introduced them, "Mr. Robert McTavish to Miss Almina Sussana Mutchmore."

He took the hand she offered, his eyes met hers; Robert McTavish had been right, it was love at first sight. But remember all this happened in 1863.

There was a mother to meet, a father to meet, three sisters and four brothers, not to mention all the cousins, aunts and uncles. There were big parties, little parties, quiet evenings in the parlor, months, weeks, days, nights — before Miss Almina Sussana Mutchmore made up her mind.

In relieved exasperation Robert McTavish heard her say, "I knew it from the beginning."

Her father had his doubts. Her mother liked him, so did all the others, that is almost all the others. Peter Pipkins was not pleased. His father had thought, Almina's father had thought, Peter Pipkins himself had thought Almina would make a radiantly lovely Mrs. Pipkins, ideally suited to his town house, his country house, and his horses four-in-hand. Imagine his jilted devotion when he heard people say, "At midnight at the ball tonight Mr. McTavish and Miss Almina Sussana are announcing their wedding day."

Only Almina Sussana's most intimate circle attended the affair as well as her sisters and brothers and aunts and uncles and cousins. Amongst the frilly dresses, the swallowtail coats and the politeness was Peter Pipkins goading Robert McTavish, making everything he said or did seem too properly improper. Poor McTavish! His bow was too low, his dancing too slow, his compliments too studied, his conversation too stilted. He forgot the importance of being himself. Pretty Almina Sussana avoided the temper in his eyes and seemed not to despise Peter Pipkins' attentive graces or all the smiling faces.

Ten minutes before the midnight waltz everyone was pretending not to be excited, some said "yes," others said "no." None could feel certain whether Almina Sussana had changed her mind or not.

Only the charming lady in question remained serene standing between her two

earnest young lovers, quite the belle of the ball.

"I'd like some fruit punch," she said.

Ignoring each other those two gallants crossed the floor at so rapid a pace everyone stared. Over the punch bowl they met, eye to eye, man to man, Robert McTavish and his rival. Who said what first, none could testify; all heard the McTavish battle cry when he lunged at his tormentor and landed in a potted palm. One leap, one reach, the said McTavish seized none other than his side-stepping opponent by the neck of his Prince Albert and the seat of his pantaloons, dropping him at Miss Almina Sussana's feet.

"Take him!" he shouted.

Everyone was shocked—all but his lady fair; she scolded. Patting Peter Pipkins' cheek she apologized to the man, then retreated clinging to Robert McTavish. When none were in sight she kissed him.

"Never ever change, Mr. McTavish," she said.

They announced their wedding day and the whole incident was forgotten.

In the flurry and the scurry of shopping and sewing he was forgotten too. Silks, satins, laces and bows, embroidered linen, shining silver and pretty clothes . . .

"Are you sure of yourself, Almina?" Robert McTavish asked. "It will be plain living being married to me."

His darling laughed and shook her head. Her mother smiled and her father said, "It takes patience, young man, not understanding."

At last the day arrived, May the seventeenth, 1865. There were to be a wedding breakfast in the parish hall, at the Mutchmore home a midnight ball, a bride's cake, a groom's cake, champagne for all.

Surrounded by his clan Robert McTavish was a very silent man awaiting the hour of high noon.

THE GRANDFATHER clock in the Mutchmore parlor ruled the wedding day. Another bridal morn did not disturb its steady tick-tock nor resonant chime. For two generations it had kept perfect time; not even Mr. Mutchmore's big gold watch was ever consulted in its presence. Everyone kept glancing at the clock, then hurrying off, even the bride herself.

Amongst its many visitors was Peter Pipkins who apologized extravagantly to Almina's mother as she led him toward the parlor. He lingered by the grandfather clock, cocked his head in a listening attitude, peered about him and then did a dastardly deed. Peter Pipkins opened up the case of that great grandfather clock, held the pendulum and pushed back the hands one whole hour, shutting it, turning his back on it as Almina Sussana's father crossed the threshold: the whole nasty business was reflected in the hall mirror. With gentlemanly expressions of a friendship that would never alter and an unrequited love that could never falter, he shook Mr. Mutchmore's hand making his departure.

Almina's father stared at the grandfather clock, reluctantly took out his heavy gold watch, then said, "Time will tell. One man's temptation is another's sin."

The church waited. The people watched. The bell ringer gazed from his tower. At exactly high noon the Pipkins' horses four-in-hand, so like Mr.

Mutchmore's, loomed into sight. By mistake the wedding chimes were struck by mistake the organ played, and Robert McTavish took his place beside the altar flanked by his best man, Almina Sussana's own brother.

The bells abruptly stopped chiming. Necks craned—everyone looked surprised. Peter Pipkins accompanied by his parents sat amongst the other guests.

Fifteen minutes . . . half an hour . . . the church waited and the people watched, so did the bell ringer in the steeple. Discreet coughs, nervous titters, rustlings, whisperings, amidst the shuffling of feet . . . the Reverend Mr. Olson anxiously suggested perhaps they had better retire to the ante-room.

Robert McTavish did not move.

"She's stood you up, Robbie boy!" the town nitwit taunted.

"She'll be here!" Robert McTavish promised, his flashing eyes, his squaring chin challenging any to disagree with him.

Silently they waited, the groom at attention, the best man at attention, the parson behind his pulpit at attention, too.

Precisely on schedule by the old grandfather clock in the parlor Mrs. Mutchmore left with her family escorted by the bride's attendants. Five minutes elapsed before Almina Sussana swept into her carriage delicately bearing her train over one arm while her father struggled behind in a tangle of lace.

The bell ringer forgot to ring out the wedding bells until the bride herself marched down the aisle wearing the sweetest smile. The bells rang out! The organ played! Peter Pipkins fainted. Everyone agreed it was heaven to see Mr. Robert McTavish wedded to Miss Almina Sussana.

In that solemn hush following the placing of the ring on the bride's finger, the town nitwit almost ruined everything by calling out, "Kiss the bride, Robbie boy!"

But women cried and men sighed when they witnessed Robert McTavish raise his lady's bridal veil bestowing on her his kiss.

In the vestry after all was said and done her father asked, "Why were you so sure she was coming, my son?"

Quietly Robert McTavish told them all, "I'd faith in Almina."

Very grandly Mr. Mutchmore delivered this speech: "You are an upright young man, Robert McTavish, a man of honor and faith like yours. I'm proud to give you my daughter. Almina Sussana is a wise girl who will make you a good wife. Already she has taught you the first lesson every husband must learn to have success in his marriage, in his life for that matter—patience!"

Nobody quite understood why Almina Sussana insisted upon setting off on her wedding journey in an old-fashioned hat, nobody but Mr. Robert McTavish. It was the selfsame green bonnet with the ribbons and bows on it and a feather that bobbed about when she tilted her head.

Yes, indeed, they were snugly wed . . . Almina tucked the feather from the bonnet into their family Bible along with the names of their three daughters and four sons.

As for Robert McTavish, he made his fortune. The more he made, the more he gave and the harder he worked.

He always said, "I like my Sunday rest best," when he sat in church on a Sunday morning with her beside him. ♦

HUSBANDS CAN SURPRISE YOU . . .



BY ELIZABETH SAVAGE
Illustrated by Will Davies

*Here she
positive brute! And she'd*

ALL WINTER long Marge Wilson had known exactly who she was. The cheerful helpmate, the brave young mother of the three most wonderful children in town, the woman whose courage and faith had enabled her husband to quit the anonymity of the big firm to open his own office—that was Marge.

But late in March, on a raw day when nature snapped at the heels of winter, that mask slipped, and under it she found another woman—Marge the martyr.

And all because of a black velvet belt.

That morning began with customary chaos. Two of the wonderful children battled before breakfast and came late to the table, glowing with ill will. Three-year-old Sue, persuaded back to her crib for a warm half hour, was discovered crayoning her brother's homework. Someone had forgotten to shut the living-room door, and the dog had chewed moodily through the night on a chesterfield leg.

But by the time Mark's shower was silent, Marge had shooed the boys off to an early bus, and Sue's bright head was bent contentedly over her cereal bowl. Marge set the table freshly, an oasis of cheer in a desert of disorder, and as she beamed at her tall husband she was as happy as any woman in town, and with good reason.

Just look at Mark, an architect with his own office and his own telephone, behind which his own staff (Mrs. Little) sits and awaits the flood of business that will come any day now. You would not think as Marge commiserates with him (the car's developed that ominous knock again) or holds his brief case while he struggles with rubbers, or as his hurried kiss skids by her ear, as warm and good as it has been for a dozen years, that when they meet again it will be as enemies.

But March is a month of oil bills and sooty curtains, of wet feet and odd mittens, and before Mark's car had coughed away from the curb the demoralization of that day began. Sue toppled from the table with a wail, the dog yapped despairingly at the door and, like a tocsin, the telephone shrilled through the early air.

Only her good friend Dorothy would call at such an hour, and only Dorothy in real distress. For the annual dinner of the Women's League was the very next night, and Dorothy was secretary—and Dorothy was ill.

"I only hope it's serious," she said. "Anyway, can I tell Mrs. Whittemore you'll take my place?"

"What would I have to do?" Marge asked cautiously.

"Just read this old report. The thing is, I want someone Mrs. Whittemore will like. And she likes you."

Marge felt a little surge of pleasure. The president of the league was the nicest kind of older woman, fresh-faced and kindly and the wife of the largest retired fortune in the town.

"Does she?" Marge asked.

"She calls you 'that delightful Wilson girl!'"

Marge lapsed into a brief but lovely dream in which because of her delightfulness the Whittemores commissioned Mark to draw plans for a house. And hadn't Mrs. Whittemore once told her they were considering a more modern place, now that the children were grown and gone?

"Well?" Dorothy pleaded.

"Why not?" Marge consented cheerfully—and answered herself even as she hung up.

A cold, sleety light hung in the hall that morning, a drab, penetrating light that touched the dust under the radiator, the puppy-damaged rug, a light that as Marge glanced into the mirror drained the color from her face, the brightness from her hair. She looked terrible, she thought. She looked—well, awful. How could she have proposed to expose herself publicly to every friend she had?

And she had nothing to wear.

Sue came, trailing a blanket, and Marge caught her up for the sheer comfort of her baby fragrance. The thing was, Marge was thirty-two, there was no getting around it. The winter had been long, filled with the usual fevers and sore throats, temperish children, ears that wouldn't start and sniffles that wouldn't stop. And all she had in the world was that old grey suit.

Perhaps in something new she could look chic, though ravaged. In the old suit she knew her friends would ask, "Do you suppose Marge hasn't been very well?" She certainly hadn't meant to buy anything new, not this late in the season, but there you were.

"I tell you what," she said, kissing the rosy bumped place on Sue's forehead, "we ladies have to go downtown."

But first she opened the drawer in Mark's desk where, like hot coals, she dropped the bills as fast as the mailman brought them. Thank goodness Mark was the kind of husband who took care of them himself, one night a month, and if Marge ironed in the kitchen on that night, she could pretend it never happened at all. It was not that she would not face reality; simply that there was no sense in their both facing it. She did her careful best. Beyond that it was morbid, surely, to consider bills at all.

See now how conscientious she really was. For sure as she was that the camel of the Bon-Ton account would carry another straw, she would not add a dress to it, not even a bargain, end-of-the-season dress, without making sure.

Young architects, even as other young fathers, accumulate a lot of monthly envelopes. Marge ruffled by the orthodontist, the insurance, and the plumber, and when she broke the familiar seal on the Bon-Ton bill she gasped in disbelief.

It couldn't possibly be right. Sue pulled at her skirt and she said "Ssh," absently as her eye ran from item to devastating item. It was shoes that had done it. Mark, Ronnie and Rob. Snowboots for Sue. They couldn't, of course, have given

out in reasonable rotation. Indignantly she recalled the triumph on Ronnie's face as he held up a flapping sole for her inspection. The fact was that everyone in the family got more than she did. Every last living soul.

Well, that was that. Even a bargain dress was out.

So she did next what most women do, at one time or another. She rummaged through her closet hopefully, as if she might have pushed some lovely garment to the back and forgotten it. And she did indeed find the black boucle-sweater that Aunt Lil had sent her three seasons before, a creation so sleeveless and frontless and utterly smart that Marge had only worn it once, and then in the privacy of her home. At a league meeting she might as well wear tights.

Apart from that, the closet teemed with shirts and jeans, with shapeless wool skirts relegated to everyday. There hung the rejected grey suit. Also the very good black wool skirt and the perfectly respectable, perfectly unbecoming black jersey she wore with it.

It would just have to do. Resigned, she spread the skirt upon the bed and groped for the belt necessary to weld these two into a decent whole. She untangled herself thoroughly in her bathrobe and brought a pair of beach sandals down upon her head before she remembered about that belt. The dog had got it, weeks before, and, straightening, she shuddered to think how it had looked, wet and deformed, when she had dragged both dog and belt from beneath the dining-room table.

So at least, there must be a new belt.

ONE HOUR later in the Bon-Ton she said to the superior young woman at the glove counter, "I want a belt. Any old black belt. Suede or velvet, please."

The young woman's penciled brows arched in surprise. "Well," she said dubiously, "I'll show you what we have."

She had two belts, both impossible—a broad, cheap patent leather and a shoe-string suede. Marge gazed at them in disbelief. "You must have something else," she said.

"We're not re-ordering on black," the girl said loftily. "Not this late in the year. These are the two we got, the patent and the suede."

"Perhaps," Marge asked desperately, "you might have something in a better quality?"

"Well," the girl shrugged. "Just this one."

And from a drawer behind her she took Aphrodite's girdle, the transfiguring, the wonderful belt. It lay on the counter shimmering, dewed with pearls, just the right width, just the right velvety softness, just the magic to transform a dull, end-of-winter makeshift to a costume, and a tired housewife to a mannequin.

"Oh," Marge breathed, and put a gentle finger forth to touch enchantment.

"Twenty-two fifty," the young woman

said laconically, flicking the velvet.

"Oh," Marge said again.

The girl, no stranger to the sudden temptations of womankind, said with more interest, "Want to try it on?"

"Well," Marge said. "It might not even be my size."

Ah, but it was. It girdled her little waist like the clasp of a friendly arm, firm and encouraging. And when she looked into the mirror she saw, glowing above its dark sparkle, a girl she had not seen for a long time, youthful and bright-eyed and gay. What was it Mrs. Whittemore had called her? A delightful girl.

Now wasn't Mark much luckier than he knew? Many a woman would have bought it anyhow, simply because it is not often one finds anything one wants with the concentrated wishfulness of a child. Even a bargain dress would cost as much. And she did have a charge . . .

"I'll take the patent leather," she said firmly, and went home virtuous and miserable.

The day did not improve. A cold rain seeped from a leaden sky, the children came home wet and restless. The lemon pie for supper did not set. Yet unaccountably, as the day waned, her spirits rose.

There was no single moment, surely, when Marge decided that she would have that belt, and with honor too. Yet any husband could have guessed what she was up to as she scrapped the watery pie and brought the last strawberries from the freezer, banished the boys from the living room and pinned a cherry ribbon in Sue's brief curls.

She was going to let Mark persuade her to buy the belt.

So catastrophes begin. When Mark arrived at the front door in a taxi, Marge was bent over candles in the dining room and did not notice. Nor, in her furious concentration on the peace of the supper table, did she observe that though he ate well, he ate silently.

It was not until the berries were reduced to a pink memory and the children absorbed in a favorite program that Marge, placing a fragrant cup before him, said, "Here's your coffee, dear." And then, wistfully, "I had to buy the silliest thing today . . ."

Briefly then she reviewed the state of her wardrobe, the sudden demands upon it, and lo! the discovery of the beautiful belt. Pathetically she described the drabness of her skirt and jersey, and the miraculous metamorphosis that belt would make. Lightly she mentioned her age, her fatigue, the length of time since she had bought a dress. And then with dignity she explained that she had passed it by for a cheap strip of ugly patent leather, utterly inappropriate, utterly unbecoming.

She waited. Mark looked up from his coffee cup. "I'm sorry, dear," he said. And then, incredulously, "What were you saying?"

Stricken, she looked at him. And then she said it all again, with less expression this time and more rapidly. He

was, Marge thought furiously, married to a monster, a found him out all because of a little black velvet belt

listened and said reasonably, "Well, if you like the other better, why don't you take it back tomorrow and exchange it?"

"You seem to have missed the point," she told him somewhat coolly. "The one I liked cost over twenty dollars."

"Nonsense!" he said. "For a belt?"

Surprised, Marge found unexpected tears in her eyes, unconsidered words in her mouth.

"Dorothy Phelps," she said, "never goes a season without a new dress. And they come from New York and they all cost over fifty dollars."

"Poor John," her husband said.

"Dorothy's not extravagant," Marge said coldly, "if that's what you're implying. She's very active in community affairs..."

Mark sighed. "Look, honey," he said. "Let's not do this."

"If it weren't for the Women's League," Marge persisted, "I wouldn't have had to buy even a cheap old patent-leather belt."

"The Women's League?" Mark said.

Her fingers trembled suddenly. Carefully she put her cup back in its saucer.

"What do you mean by that?" she asked.

"Oh," he said, "the league's all right. It keeps the ladies busy."

"Have you considered," she asked him with great dignity, "how important contacts are? Did you know that the H. T. Whittemores are thinking of building in the spring?"

"Well, if they do," Mark said, "I'm sure they'll choose their man without consulting the league."

"I'm sure they will," she agreed icily. "Only it happens—it just happens—that Mrs. Whittemore thinks I'm delightful."

"And so do I," he said. "But I'd hate to run my office on the clients you bring in."

Oh, she had never realized before what a reactionary, domineering type he was. The league had been invented to protect women against males like Mark.

"Kirche, Kinder, Küchen," she said bitterly, and rose to clear the table.

IT HAD BEEN a mistake to tell him that this meeting could be important to him. She admitted that. She should have confessed that it was important to her. What she should have said, she thought as she scraped the meat scraps into the puppy's dish, was that any woman who slaves in a household likes to get out, if only to a business meeting. What she should have reminded him of was how long it had been since she'd been anywhere, budgets and baby sitters being what they were. What she should have told him was that any woman who never gets out of an apron begins to feel like Cinderella with no ball in sight.

But of course she couldn't say that—it wouldn't be fair. Quarrels were like chess—there were only certain pieces you could play. You don't say the thing that hurts another person's pride.

Why didn't Mark know that?

Because he came into the kitchen then and took a dish towel—an obvious peace offering. And gladly she would have accepted it, too, if he had allowed her her little moment of wounded dignity. But even as she turned gratefully to him, he spoke.

"Well," he asked pleasantly, "still sulking?"

And that was that.

She put a soapy dish down carefully. By now they had both lowered their

voices, aware as they were that the children should never know. "I would prefer," she hissed, "to do the dishes by myself."

"Fine," he whispered fiercely. "I would prefer that too."

They did not, of course, speak after that. Mark read his paper with pointed interest, Marge reinforced socks and wondered miserably how an inanimate object, especially one so lovely as that belt, could lead to this. The thing was, she thought morosely, that mothers were like servants. Everything went well if they remembered their place.

Oh, let her cook and clean and mend socks—all went smoothly! And at that unfortunate moment her older son, in the humorous way he affected of late, called in a loud, imperious voice,

"Hey there!" he demanded. "I thought I asked you to press my other pants?"

Marge drove the needle through the sock and into her finger. "Did you indeed?" she said. And in sudden, rebellious fury, "Well, I may not get around to it for weeks!"

Mark looked over his newspaper with the critical, withdrawn look that she detested.

She rose and retreated, and when he came to bed she was lying with her eyes closed in a pointed imitation of sleep that neither deceived him, nor was intended to.

By morning the quarrel had reached its second stage—he was indignant, she was adamant. The boys, startled into their best behavior, were cheerful, polite, and co-operative, and left the house as early as possible.

"Look here," Mark said at last, "if I was rude last night, or cruel, or anything like that, I'm sorry."

Marge distrusted apologies that began like this. And rightly, for when he spoke again he said, "Did it ever occur to you that I have things on my mind more important than your clothes?"

"Doubtless," she said.

Mark ground his cigarette in his saucer. "I hate to leave you like this," he said. And reprovingly, "It isn't like you."

How did he know, pray, what she was like? How did she know herself, now that she had become as useful and characterless as a washing machine?

"What isn't like me?" she asked courteously.

"Look, Marge," he said accusingly. "There's a new string of gas stations going up in town. If I had got that job you could have your belt. You could have the whole store, as far as I'm concerned. But I didn't. They're bringing someone in."

"Oh, Mark," she said, contrite. "But it isn't your sort of thing. You want to do homes."

"I want to do anything that will pay the bills." And then he grinned. "Like the one I wasn't going to tell you about. The two hundred dollars to put the car back on the road."

Now as if ice were breaking up around her heart she felt his worry, his silent concern.

"Oh, Mark!" she said.

That should have ended it. But at that moment Sue, Mark's pride and joy, straggled into the kitchen flushed with sleep and open-drawered, in a pair of ragged sleepers gone at knee and foot, and stubbornly preferred above all Christmas nighies.

Outraged, Mark glared at his daughter. "Look at her!" he said. "The

child's in rags—and you cry like a baby for a toy!"

NO reconciliation could be, after that. Marge dashed upstairs and stayed till he was gone, sitting on the edge of the bathtub with a cold facecloth over her eyes to hide her tears from Sue.

Worn out in the service of his home and children, that's what she was. Old before her time. Trying to hide his worries from her, indeed. She just didn't matter enough to be informed. *Everything* came before her. His daughter, his business, his very car.

In icy renunciation she went about her work, entertained Sue, called the cleaner, changed the beds. Very well, then. A drudge she'd be. She passed her lipsick by, jerked a comb through her dark hair, and did the dishes with scalding suds and no gloves. Very well.

It was a mood comforting in its decisiveness, and it lasted until well after lunch when, like a fairy godmother, Mrs. Whittemore telephoned. In her low, appreciative voice that was balm to a bruised ego, she thanked Marge for replacing Dorothy. Oh, it was nothing, nothing at all, Marge told her. She was so glad to help.

"But," Mrs. Whittemore said, "that isn't really what I called about."

To her chagrin Marge heard herself becoming cheerful, girlish, grateful. She only hoped she didn't sound excited. Because of course she and Mark would come to dinner Sunday night—nothing could be nicer, absolutely nothing.

"We'll be very simple," Mrs. Whittemore said.

Oh, Marge knew all about that simplicity. The simplicity of a polished table and a perfect salad and only one wine.

"And I'm so glad you're free," the warm voice ended, "because I'm anxious to have our husbands meet."

Marge hung up, her heart high with pleasure for her Mark. No use to tell her it had no significance. Of course it did! It was Mark's chance to sell himself. And if it happened—if it just should happen—that he designed the Whittemores' new house, every young couple in town who thought of building would also think of him.

So much for Mark! So it did matter about the league, and it did matter about contacts—and, Marge decided, it did matter what she looked like. She ran to her closet for the *bouclé* sweater that was too formal for her home, too *outré* for the league, but just the thing for a simple little dinner, with the old black skirt—and the new, stunning belt.

Childish? No, this was an efficient Marge, a clever Marge who knew the value of a penny, and a way to get two gowns out of a single belt.

And the efficient Marge briskly dressed Sue, checked for her charge plate in her purse, and caught the ten-past-two bus. The efficient Marge said crisply to the same young woman, "The belt I looked at yesterday. I'll take it."

The girl was very sorry. The belt was gone.

For one dreadful moment, there in the hot, bright department store, she thought she was going to cry. It couldn't be gone. Nobody else would want it—not a black belt, not a velvet belt, when it was almost spring.

"Could you look again?" she asked. "Perhaps there's a mistake?"

"I waited on the lady myself," the salesgirl told her. "Just this noon."

Sue pulled at her hand and Marge, from the depths of her disappointment, followed her daughter's avid gaze to a row of glorious lollipops that blossomed like early tulips on the candy counter. With a sudden surge of sympathy Marge bought her one, the biggest, the brightest, the stickiest of the lot.

So does life strip away the warm little self-deceits that clothe our nakedness. Bumping home on the bus, Marge faced a small, cold fact. It wouldn't have mattered anyway, the lovely belt. She wasn't a glamorous youngster anymore. She was—and thank God for it—the mother of three healthy children, the mature housewife of a comfortable home. And only that.

It was an odd, grey feeling.

Well, Mrs. Whittemore had met the quiet years with a gracious serenity. And Marge could, too. She'd wear the old grey suit to the league meeting, and on Sunday the black skirt with the dreadful belt. If Mark didn't mind, she thought, if he *really* didn't mind that she'd grown colorless and dull, why, she should simply be grateful, that was all.

So it was a new Marge who scrubbed her face at five o'clock and whipped a starched apron around her middle, a Marge who was through forever with selfishness. Whatever she had lost, she could at least, in her new maturity, earn Mark's esteem. She settled an argument, found the checkerboard, got Sue in and out of the tub and (over protest) into a rose-sprigged nightie and a soft blue robe, and taking vegetables from the refrigerator, was splashing at the sink when she heard the cab again in the driveway and, a moment later, Mark's buoyant, cheerful voice.

Despair tugged treacherously. He didn't even remember that they'd quarreled. She thrust the lettuce under the icy water, held it high and began to shake it, hard.

"Look out!" Mark laughed behind her. "That stuff's cold!"

"I'm sorry, Mark," she said, and was turning to him with her new serenity when she felt his strong hands across her eyes.

"Bills!" he said. "What are bills? I brought you something."

She felt his arms first, then unbelievably, like a warm band about her waist, like the stroking of a lovely hand, the rich length of the black velvet belt sparkled above her apron.

"Oh, Mark!" she said.

"I got to thinking," he said gently, and she held her breath . . . Then he did know how patient she had been, how undemanding? "And I asked Mrs. Little to pick it up at lunch."

And then he spoiled it.

"It isn't good for babies," he said gravely, "to cry too long."

Marge unfastened the belt with shaking fingers and turned angrily. And then the magic happened. For as she looked indignantly at him, she saw reflected in his nice eyes starred with laughter lines, tiny and true, the person she really was. No saint, no sinner, but always and only the girl he had chosen, and the woman he loved.

Marge burrowed her head into the good warmth of his shoulder.

And "Thank you, Mark," she said. "Oh, thank you very much!" ♦



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